The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

John C. Trever:

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VOL. XXIII, NO. 11 NOVEMBER, 1952

By John C. Trever

THE REVISED STANDARD

THE classic mistranslation of I Corinthians 1:21 in the King James Version is something of an embarrassment to the minister as it stands: ". . . it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Corrected by the Revised Standard Version's ". . . it pleased God through the folly of what we preach to save those who believe," it still is a reminder to the minister that his preaching is but a feeble instrument of God. God's Word in the Book of Books is still the most powerful source of a dynamic ministry, but expository preaching among many ministers has been on the wane.

Aware of the failure of the American Standard Version of the Bible to win its way into the pulpit and revive expository preaching, the translators of the Revised Standard Version have kept before them the need for a revision of the English Bible suitable for general use in the pulpit. The Revised Standard Version was designed, therefore, for use in worship. The chairman of the Committee, Dr. Luther A. Weigle, in his Cole lectures, *The English New Testament from Tyndale to the Revised Standard Version,* makes this objective perfectly clear when he says:

> In the end, the crucial test of the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament will be in worship. If men, women, and children are led by it to God, and if they find its phrases naturally upon their lips and in their hearts when they pray, it will endure. If ministers and people find in it the Word of God, as it is read in the services of the church and expounded in preaching, it will live and bring newness of life to many. If not, the attempt to revise the King James Version will have to be made again. One thing is sure: The English-speaking world will not always be content with a version as faulty as the King James is now seen to be. If it should appear that the present committee has failed, some other company of revisers will in due time succeed.

JOHN C. TREVER is the executive director of the department of English Bible of the National Council of Churches which directed the publication of the recently published Revised Standard Version of the Bible. He graduated from Yale Divinity School in 1940 where he later received his Ph.D. degree. An ordained Methodist minister, he served a short pastorate in Calif. and was the head of the Old Testament department of the College of the Bible of Drake University, Des Moines, before coming to his present position. In 1947-48, he was a fellow with the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem and played an important part in the discovery of the now famed Dead Sea scrolls, among which is the oldest known manuscript of the Bible.

The Revised Standard Version, therefore, is not only an accurate translation, but also a beautiful one, preserving for twentieth-century America those qualities which have made the King James Version such a dynamic influence during the past three hundred years. The new version is not a "modern" translation in the sense that it achieves a colloquial English, but it stands in the Tyndale-King James tradition of classic English translation.

It is the conviction of this writer that the beauty of the new version will more quickly be appreciated in the Old Testament than it has been in the New, for in the former the classic Hebrew literature has lent itself to a classic English quality. The colloquial quality of the New Testament Greek makes a classic English translation difficult, though the Revised Standard Version has certainly achieved it. Furthermore, the discovery of the nature of Hebrew poetry in 1753 by Bishop Lowth of Oxford has brought new insights into the quality of the Hebrew of the Old Testament unknown to the King James translators. The poetry of the Old Testament, scattered through the narrative books, as well as in the great poetic books, is closely portrayed in the Revised Standard Version of the Old Testament. It will be found especially striking in the prophetic books. Both the translation and the format of printing have added significantly to the beauty of the Old Testament. The minister will find the new format a great asset to the ease of reading in the pulpit.

A New Beauty

Great literature is not made overnight. Full appreciation of the contribution of the Revised Standard Version to English literature can be expected to take time. It took the King James Version more than fifty years to win its way in England in the seventeenth century. Ministers can do much to speed the process for the RSV, however, by a careful, comparative study of many passages both in the private of their studies and with Bible study groups. Read, for instance, David's lament over Saul and Jonathan in II Samuel 1:17-27 first in the King James and then in the Revised Standard Version. Do the same for Psalm 8, 19, 27, 91, 96, 100. Then turn to Isaiah 1, 40, 55, and 63; then Micah 2, 6, and 7. Read the book of Amos again with the new version beside the old. Perhaps the quickest way to appreciate the significance of the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament for use in the pulpit is to read comparatively with the King James Version

A well known Bible scholar discusses new preaching values in the latest version of the Bible

VERSION IN THE PULPIT

the letters of Paul. Almost every chapter makes one feel indebted to the committee of revisers.

To portray the new beauty to be found in the Revised Standard Version to his congregation, however, the minister will need to read familiar and loved pasages to himself repeatedly until the new beauty is thoroughly apparent to him. Then he will need to practice reading them aloud, in order that the beauty may be brought forth in his pulpit. A skillful reading of the new version from the pulpit will doubtless increase the appreciation of the congregation for the Scriptures and help laymen discover that the new version stands on a literary par with the King James. In many cases ministers report that their congregations do not recognize that the reading is from the new version when skillfully done, but are impressed with the clarity of the mesage. Dr. J. Carter Swaim reports that a Scottish theologian, recently visiting in this country, said that when the Revised Standard Version was read in Scottish churches, congregations understood what it meant "without being aware that other than the familiar version is being used."

New Meanings

Regardless of his patient preparation, however, there will still be a few who will object to the use of the new version in the pulpit. Usually they are the older members, devout readers of the King James Version for many years. But a church will not make much progress that determines its program on the basis of a few traditionalists. Let the minister spend time with them alone, helping them to see the need for the new version if the Scriptures are to become central in the lives of children, youth and young adults. Dr. Weigle tells of a professor who criticized his pastor for using the new version in his pulpit, claiming that "changes of phraseology make me think, and I don't want to think when I worship!" Is the Bible merely a symphony of words?

But the real value of the Revised Standard Version will be found by the minister in what it offers for preaching. He will be startled repeatedly by verses he has read many times in the King James Version that now bring forth a message he had missed. Note the message of stewardship in II Corinthians 8:12.

KJV	RSV
1 Moreover, brethren, we do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia; 2 How that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality.	We want you to know, brethren, about the grace of God which has been shown in the churches of Macedonia, [2]for in a severe test of affliction, their abundance of joy and their extreme poverty have overflowed in a wealth of liberality on their part.

The value of James 3:1 for a Rally Day sermon is immediately apparent from the Revised Standard Version, though it may have gone unnoticed in the archaic wording of the traditional version:

KJV	RSV
My brethren, be not many masters, knowing that we shall receive the greater condemnation.	Let not many of you become teachers, my brethren, for you know that we who teach shall be judged with greater strictness.

Notice the change of emphasis and meaning brought forth by the correction of the word "conversation" in Hebrews 13:7:

KJV	RSV
Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of *their* conversation.	Remember your leaders, those who spoke to you the word of God; consider the outcome of their life, and imitate their faith.

Another illustration of a similar nature will be found in I Peter 3:1-2, though it needs to be used against a background of the first century A.D. social customs.

Light from New Manuscripts

Every minister faces the problem of evil with his people at some time, and doubtless he has already found value in Romans 8:28 in RSV while in KJV the problem is accentuated. The discovery of ancient Greek manuscripts (the Chester Beatty papyrus of Romans dates from about 200 A.D.) has solved this problem for RSV:

KJV	RSV
And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to *his* purpose.	We know that in everything God works for good with those who love him, who are called according to his purpose.

The Pulpit for November, 1952. Volume XXIII, Number 11. Published monthly by the Christian Century Foundation, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. Telephone HArrison 7-5380. Price this issue: 30 cents; $3 a year in U. S. A. and Canada. Foreign $3.35. Copyrighted 1952 by Christian Century Foundation. Entered as second-class matter May 14, 1942 in Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Some ministers have expressed their surprise at the translation of Matthew 26:27 in RSV, "drink of it, all of you," which merely corrects a confusion resulting from the Old English of the King James Version. Here the revisers have gone back almost to William Tyndale's translation, who, in his 1534 edition, had "drinke of it every one."

Every minister who reads this should have received from his denominational publisher an attractive brochure entitled, "The Story Behind the Revised Standard Version." A pamphlet inserted in each brochure contains twelve sermon texts from the New Testament of the Revised Standard Version with helpful suggestions written by Dr. Harold Bosley. On page 6 of that insert will be found a list of other verses containing helpful sermon suggestions, including a number from the Old Testament. Ministers will also want to secure a copy of the "Introduction to the Revised Standard Version of the Old Testament," which will be a valuable resource for a deeper appreciation of the new version. Chapters IX through XII will be especially helpful in planning sermons.

Old Testament Examples

Space permits the quotation of only a few passages from the Old Testament, but they will serve to illustrate the rich resources in store for the minister.

For a sermon dealing with jealousy and its evil affects, Genesis 21:9 in RSV becomes a good springboard when read beside KJV and in its context:

KJV	RSV
And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had born unto Abraham, mocking.	But Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, whom she had borne to Abraham, playing with her son Isaac.

The use of the Greek and Latin versions makes this little scene much more probable.

From the biting sarcasm of the prophets a good sermon can frequently be forthcoming. Note especially the effectiveness of RSV in Micah 2:11:

KJV	RSV
If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie, *saying*, I will prophesy unto thee of wine and of strong drink; he shall even be the prophet of this people.	If a man should go about and utter wind and lies, saying, "I will preach to you of wine and strong drink," he would be the preacher for his people!

The translation of *chesed* (usually "mercy" in KJV and "lovingkindness" in ASV) in RSV is a significant contribution to the deeper spiritual meaning of the Old Testament. For a good statement about this important change see "An Introduction to the Revised Standard Version of the Old Testament," p. 61. "Steadfast love" is a happy choice of words to bring out the deeper meaning. A host of examples can be found in the Psalms. Psalm 100:5 is a good example:

KJV	RSV
For the LORD *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.	For the LORD is good; his steadfast love endures for ever, and his faithfulness to all generations.

Note the improvement in Hosea 6:6 with the new translation of *chesed*:

KJV	RSV
For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings.	For I desire steadfast love and not sacrifice, the knowledge of God, rather than burnt offerings.

The messages of the pre-exilic prophets are often harsh and foreboding. In any prosperous period the minister may find such ancient preaching forceful. RSV recovers the original text of one such pasage with the help of the ancient Dead Sea Scroll of Isaiah in Isa. 33:7-8, that sounds as modern as the morning newspaper:

KJV	RSV
7 Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly. 8 The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant, he hath despised the cities, he regardeth no man.	Behold the valiant ones cry without; the envoys of peace weep bitterly. The higsways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceases. Covenants are broken, witnesses are despised, there is no regard for man.

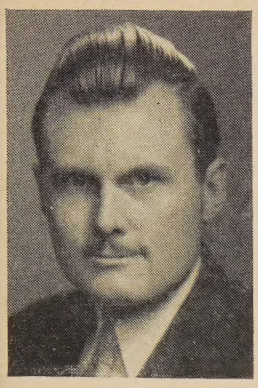
For a devotional message centering in the Word of God, Psalm 119:147-8, as translated in RSV is classic. Here the seventeenth century meaning of "prevent" (to precede, go before) is the stumblingblock to the message in KJV:

KJV	RSV
147 I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word. 148 Mine eyes prevent the *night* watches, that I might meditate in thy word.	I rise before dawn and cry for help; I hope in thy words. My eyes are awake before the watches of the night. that I may meditate upon thy promise.

In Isaiah 44:28b; 46:10, 48:14 and 55:11, the Committee has recovered the deeper meaning of the Hebrew root *chāphets* with their use of "purpose" instead of the more common meaning, "pleasure." God has a plan for his universe! Isaiah 55:10 and 11 provide a penetrating sermon text:

KJV	RSV
10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: 11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.	For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not thither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and prosper in the thing for which I sent it.

Every minister will discover countless passages in the new version which will stimulate sermon ideas. It is to be hoped that the Revised Standard Version of the Bible will arouse a great wave of expository preaching in the English-speaking world and thus restore the Bible to its central place in the lives of all Christians.



By John Nicholls Booth

'What Has Happened to America's Conscience?'

THESE are days that would have broken the heart of one of the greatest of all prophets—Isaiah. If he were living today I am sure he would repeat a cry of his which I take up these two thousand and more years later:

> Cry aloud, spare not,
> Lift up thy voice like a trumpet,
> And declare unto my people their transgression,
> And show unto them their sins.

Isaiah would read articles in the daily papers glorifying our latest bombers which can fly to Moscow, drop a bomb guaranteed to wipe out half the men and women there, and return safely to our own bases. Shuddering at such boasts, Isaiah would read the tax reports and see a government collecting, in time of peace, taxes almost equal to those drawn off during the recent war. He would behold this headline across the front page of the *Boston Traveler* on, of all days, Armistice Day: "War's Cost to Total Trillion Dollars." "Why?" he would ask. And the answer would come: For national defense; for atom-bomb stockpiling; for military research; to rearm western Europe; for guns, guns, guns. Over the air he would hear plays, commentaries, speeches, screaming about the great peril, the hideous enemy, the dire doom ahead.

Mass Emotions

The nations of the world today, are actually enjoying a mass emotion of belligerence, of braggadocio, of hatred. It's pleasant to the senses to shout patriotic shibboleths, to preen with pride at the sight of fighters which dart like lightning and strike like thunderbolts, wherever we would send them. We can't break this mass emotion; we're feeding on it; our leaders are gorging us on it; and perhaps we wouldn't terminate the feast if we could, even short of war.

As I survey this scene I am compelled to ask in sorrow: What has happened to America's conscience? I hear Isaiah's voice echoing:

> Stay yourselves and wonder;
> Cry ye out in astonishment!
> For my people are drunken, but not with wine;
> They stagger, but not from strong drink.

Aren't we in America going to wake up and swing an uncompromising fist to smash the terrible process that is leading us toward the Great Fall? What has happened to all the cries we heard after the First World War for disarmament, the removal of tariff barriers and the promotion of world brotherhood? Where are they this time? Are we cynical because statesmen are mouthing the same shopworn platitudes that serve their political purposes but belie the purpose in their hearts? Are we completely overwhelmed by Russia's threatening power and reported policies?

Holier-Than-Thou

I recognize that we are dealing with an enigmatic power that has proved uncooperative in many respects and impossible in others. But I wonder whether or not we are being equally uncooperative and perhaps equally belligerent. Are we not shipping arms all over the world and conveying money abroad to finance governments in return for political sympathy? I do not think we can excuse ourselves and accuse Russia, putting holier-than-thou mantles on ourselves. We have not stopped short, in diplomatic and news channels, of using every pressure, every device, every smear, that we can hurl at communist Russia. I think most of the castigations we level at Russia—her warlike threats and preparations, her attempts to convert the world to the communist ideology, her interference with certain other nations—can, in many cases, be leveled right back at us. I am not, however, excusing Russia any more than I am excusing America; if one nation is the greater sinner, it is only a matter of degree. I accuse both and excuse neither.

What, I repeat, has happened to America's conscience?

I don't think America's conscience is necessarily asleep; I think America's conscience is being warped to accept second-rate principles under the guise of first-rate ethics. In our wisdom we don't realize our unwisdom. We are told: "Keep the armed forces powerful and avoid a Third World War." This will *prepare* us for war, should it come,

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but certainly will not *prevent* it. Our basic attitudes are wrong because they are being misguided by those who would put a good light upon that which is basically black and evil.

> Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil;
> And put darkness for light, and light for darkness;
> Woe unto them that are mighty—to work iniquity,
> And are men of great courage—to do evil;
> That justify the wicked for a bribe,
> And take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

So cries Isaiah against the militarists, the false propagandists, the selfish interests.

During the Italo-Ethiopian War, Marshall Badoglio told of making camp in the desert one night. In digging a trench, his men turned up a monument thought to be two thousand years old. It had an interesting inscription on it, written in Latin. Translated, it went like this: "Here am I, the captain of a legion of Rome who serves in the desert of Libya and learns and ponders this truth: that there are in life but two things, love and power, and no man has both."

Love and Power

If ever there was a diabolically twisted epigram, it is this, that "there are in life but two things, love and power, and no man has both." In that sentence is summed up a basically warped attitude that has deluged upon the world most of the tragedies that have besmirched the pages of history. It says, in effect, that if you would have power you cannot have love; if you would be a strong nation you must, in a sense, decide that you cannot indulge in love, or overly friendly relations, with other nations. That is the way the world has tried to operate, and history has proved that this attitude never bears fruit.

That Roman should have said: "You don't have power until you have love!" What man, standing alone in this world, without love from anyone, without anyone upon whom he can pour out his own affection, in whom he can take an interest —what such man can really be strong and have security? What nation can stand alone, without the good will, the dependable loyalty, of other nations, and consider itself powerful? If there is no loyalty between any group of nations, it will fall apart at the first rifle shot. If man wants only power and not love, he will fail. He has not heeded the immortal epistle Paul sent to the Corinthians.

America's conscience seems to be asleep because we talk about our love for peace without knowing the price of peace. As we preach our love of peace, let us practice a love of justice. There is little justice today because there is little good will; and where there is a lack of good will there is no commerce, no interplay of cultures, no human understanding. This must lead eventually to war, for war is but an extension of collapsed diplomacy. A government calls for its generals only when its diplomats have failed. And the record of diplomatic failures is growing starkly, frighteningly, longer and longer. Not love of peace but the practice of justice is the fundamental condition of harmony. Isaiah cries in pleading tones:

> Open ye the gates [of Heaven] that the righteous nation,
> Even the nation which keepeth faith, may enter in.
> I will make thine officers Peace,
> And the rulers Righteousness.
> For thou shalt be redeemed with *justice*,
> And established with *righteousness*.
> Behold, I will extend peace to thee like a river,
> And glory among nations like an overflowing stream.

The Sacrifices of Peace

Anthony Eden once declared: "No one likes the practice of economy—we only like to preach it." I might paraphrase: No one likes the sacrifices needed for peace—we only like to preach about them! It is symbolic of sleeping consciences. The day of recokning must surely follow for those who do not practice what they preach. War-baiting and falsehoods can go only so far. An explosion must inevitably follow. No matter how much we dislike practicing sacrifices for peace, we had better start now, if we mean to avoid war. We must pay the price for peace during times of peace.

If we must start living up to our conscience and practice justice and love, which all nations so far seem equally loath to do, where shall we begin? On all sides I hear the same thing: If we disarm, if we refuse to fight, if we make concessions, the Russians won't. We'd be alone. So what good is it to try?

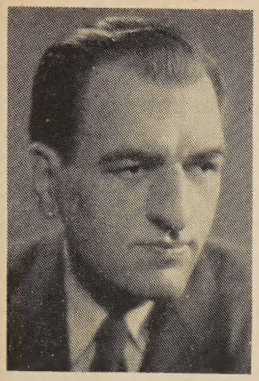
It reminds me of the fable of a disarmament conference once held by the animals of the forest for their mutual protection. The lion looked at the eagle and said: "We must abolish talons." The tiger looked at the bull and said: "We must abolish horns." The bull looked at the tiger and said: "We must abolish claws." And the bear looked at them all in turn and said: "Let us abolish everything but the universal hug."

Awakened Consciences

If America's conscience, if Russia's conscience, are both awake, if they mean business in seeking peace, they will buckle down to talking of sacrifices for peace instead of sacrificing blood in war. They will talk of the justice they are willing to perform together instead of the obvious injustices they are perpetrating apart. They will put the fortunes of humanity above the fortunes of politics and through the power of love will learn something about the power of peace.

Then I will believe that the conscience which the common people want to see all nations exercise has been awakened, and then I will be confident that the soul of that ancient uncanonized saint, Isaiah, will rest in peace. His thundering prophecy shall be fulfilled. For then

> Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
> Desolation nor destruction within thy borders,
> Thou shalt be far from oppression for thou shalt not fear;
> No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.
> So shall the little one become a thousand,
> And the small one a strong nation.
> And thou shalt be an eternal excellency,
> And a joy of many generations.



Being Christians Today

By Kendig Brubaker Cully

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. . . . Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. . . . For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Matthew 16:24-26.

NO doubt the words of our text seemed strange to Jesus' friends. Here they were, sharing the high hopes of his heretofore promising ministry. Surely they must have felt keen and enthusiastic excitement as participants in a growing movement, following after one who showed such mastery of spiritual truth and power. But now what is the Master talking about? The friends in the Garden dozing while the Master prayed in lonely agony; the dying Man on the cross, deserted in his earthly doom by erstwhile devotees—these were to become evidence soon enough that they did not understand.

Still, these centuries later, hearing such words, do *we* know of what he speaks? Denying self, taking up a cross, losing our lives, forswearing the world, cultivating the soul—do these matters interest us? Are we really concerned about the criteria which our Lord set up long ago for discipleship to himself? Or do we still seek another kind of kingdom, even as the men of old?

One index to the mood of many people in our day is the current lists of the book publishers. When one reads the titles of some of the books being offered on the bookstalls today, one is convinced that at least the publishers know this—modern men and women are not satisfied with their lives. Witness these offerings as advertised in several weeks' issues of the *New York Times Book Review*, each with its appropriate blurb:

Live and Help Live—Stop needless worry, emotional stress, useless nagging.

The Magic of Believing—The science of setting your goal and then reaching it. Here is the secret of what women call intuition, religious leaders call revelation, gamblers call hunch, top executives call personal magnetism.

The Will to Live—Which will you choose for yourself—health and a happy outlook on life, or slow suicide?

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY became minister of education in First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., one year ago. A graduate of American International College, Springfield, Mass., he holds the degrees of B.D., M.R.E. and Ph.D. from the Hartford Seminary Foundation in Connecticut. He served two pastorates in Massachusetts, when he was also that state's correspondent for The Christian Century. The author of two study books for Pilgrim Press, he has also taught courses at the Northfield Conference of Religious Education. His sermon strikes a pertinent note in the lives of modern Christians.

The mood of the times is captured in a poem by Franklin D. Elmer, Jr., published in the *Christian Century*. It is called "American Cathedral":

Main Street is an empty-ended nave
Thronged with worshipers.
The windows are brilliant showcases.
Stuffed with the trivia of little life.
Soul-hungry, harried multitudes,
Seeking, seeking, seeking,
Dash from the Chapel of the Dollar,
Checkbook still in hand,
To share vicarious confession
Slumped in a deep-cushioned seat
Before a silver screen.
A touch of laughter, a sniff of tears,
Then out again.
And now the station of the hat,
Or shoes, or candy, or a bright necktie—
Then a visit to the Fountain of the Rich Milk Shake,
And home!
Day after day they come,
For this is a seven-day faith!
See how devoutly they genuflect at crossings,
To the Red and Green,
Rushing, stopping, rushing!
Day after day they leave,
Wearier, more harried than when they came.
Main Street is an empty-ended nave.
Look east! Look west! There is no altar!

The tragedy is that most of the blindly yearning multitude are scarcely aware that the altar is absent from their lives. Or, to put it more precisely, they are unaware that they are paying their devotion at *ersatz* altars, compounded of their own insatiable desires. Man has to worship something. If he does not find the altar of the abiding, holy Eternal One, consciously or unconsciously he erects something else in its stead.

Substitute Altars

Now what are some of these substitute altars at which we have been worshiping, without getting ultimate sustenance for our souls?

Will we not agree that one of them is an inordinate desire for success? Our whole economy seems to be geared to this motivation. No longer desiring to excel in holiness and simplicity, we seek, it would seem, to excel in achievement. Subtly but surely this motive has been at work, so insidiously that we seldom stop to evaluate it. It's a foregone conclusion that when a young man starts his career, he is going to strive with might and main to get "established," as we put it. One of the pathetic phenomena of every year in America is the college alumni reunions when the men

twenty years out gather under the elms to compare notes. Some of you have done it. Is it not painfully true that everybody is comparing notes principally as to the achievements of the class members? John Jones has become a first vice-president. Bradley Smith has managed to become a regional sales supervisor. But old Buck Brown —it's a shame, isn't it?—he's never clicked like some of the other boys. How can he manage to get along, what with taxes and all, on only seventy-five hundred per year?

I wish this might be put down as sheer hyperbole. Lest we think it might be an exaggeration, let us look at a pretty valid source for confirmation. The October 1951 *Fortune* contains an article by William H. Whyte, Jr., entitled "The Wives of Management." The article quotes one executive thus: "We control a man's environment in business, and we lose it entirely when he crosses the threshold of his home. Management, therefore, has a challenge and an obligation to deliberately plan and create a favorable, constructive attitude on the part of the wife that will liberate her husband's total energies for the job." You wives, note this! A sampling of corporation officials throughout the country has defined the ideal wife for the man on his way up: "highly adaptable, highly gregarious, and she realizes her husband belongs to the corporation." Perhaps the corporation officials have more allies over the threshold of the American home than they think, already!

The 'Pattern'

One wife described in an interview the "Pattern," as she called it, with a capital P:

> "If we were the kind to follow the Pattern, I'll tell you just what we would do. First, in a couple of years, we'd move out of Ferncrest Village (it's really pretty tacky there, you know). We wouldn't go straight to Eastmere Hills—that would look pushy at this stage of the game; we'd go to the hilly section off Scrubbs Mill Pike. About that time, we'd change from Christ Church to St. Edwards, and we'd start going to the Fortnightlys —it would be a different group entirely. Then, about ten years later, we'd finally build in Eastmere Hills."
>
> It just makes her laugh, she says, because that would be the signal to everybody that she had become a wife of the top-brass bracket. Which she probably will.

What is the sadness in this "Pattern"? Not the securing of a more comfortable house nor the natural wish to live in Eastmere Hills instead of Ferncrest Village. Those might be put down fairly to normal human longing and the commendable urge toward the improvement of one's lot in life. Rather, the sadness consists in subjecting a whole life to the climb itself as the goal. The "Pattern" puts achievement ahead of living. It substitutes material security for spiritual character. It's a system that is even willing to sacrifice friends and family for the sake of the climb. No wonder the victims of the rat-race, as the more discerning among them are willing to call it, need books on release from nervous tension! They are Exhibits A in what Dr. Karen Horney rightly calls the "neurotic personality of our time" and T. S. Eliot has described as the "Waste Land."

Accompanying this deification of the success motif in our culture, we can see parallel false altars. We have put a terrific premium on externals. We have succumbed to the illusion that by our own human manipulations we can devise security. This is the Age of Exteriority. For example, being aware of sore spots in society, we proceed to relieve and cure them. How do we go about it? By outward change, of course. Organize a committee, make surveys, erect a suitable master plan, attack the problems with every statistic our ingenious brains can conceive.

But now we may be discovering at last that our sick world has not been cured by any such means. No—the Kingdom does not consist in outward change alone.

Or we have looked for salvation in psychology. Just as we put the atom into the laboratory, now let us put man there too and find out what makes him tick. To be sure, this method has produced some astounding results. Our fatal mistake, however, has been to assume that if we only learned enough about ourselves, we could control our personal and social destinies. A poet in the *University of Kansas City Review* wrote about this recently in some blunt, true lines:

> O, we learn, after pages, pictures and precise admonitions;
> O yes, our minds in sharp focus, from the recapitulations,
> We learn something from the book of our mentor respected,
> Which we had never dared mention but already suspected:
> The dead man is the only completely adjusted individual.

No—the Kingdom is not in psychological understanding alone.

Nor is it in education, nor in science, nor in *any* kind of exterior activity we might engage in. The Kingdom will not be found in a Marshall plan here, a change in military command there, a new trade agreement somewhere else. Not all the research, thinking and manipulation of the environment of which our world is capable will count a penny's worth, unless something first happens inside us.

The Inner Kingdom

The Kingdom must be received within us, or it never will be found at all. The personality of our time will continue to be neurotic, modern man will not get out of the predicament he is in, until we seek once more at the ancient altar of the living God for a peace which the world cannot give or take away. The exterior kingdom must be revoked in favor of an interior one.

That is Christianity's word to our age. That is Christ's word to you and me. Let us not deceive ourselves into believing all the publishers' blurbs. Those ulcers that plague you, those nightmarish fears that you won't make the grade, those empty feelings you have once in awhile, even though you know you have about as many *things* as a man might want—let them be seen for what they really are.

The Great Physician has the divine prescription for our maladies. He speaks to us, as to those disciples who long ago were thrilled by prospects of

an imminent kingdom which they thought he was going to inaugurate. They too were victims of exteriority. He wanted to lead them to fountains of living water which could not dry up. He wanted to feed their hungry souls with the bread of life. But they did not understand, either.

To our frustrated spirits, there comes now and again the horrible thought: even when we seem to have achieved, actually we have failed. But Christ says to us, at age forty, age fifty, age seventy: You have not yet failed utterly. You are still a living soul. You too can yet find real and lasting security.

But the way thereto is within—not outside in whatever "Pattern" may have been our false altar. It's a hard way, but it's the only way, in the end, for a soul to live. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. . . . For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Global Thinking for World Citizenship

By Robert B. McClure

WITH the extensive alterations that have been made in Bloor Street Church, one could have hoped that they might have found a new missionary. But, as with the church, they have decided to add a new coat of paint and do a face-lifting job on the old one and send him out again. I can only hope the inner light in him is as much improved as that in the church.

It will be about twelve years ago—I think it was the fall of 1937 or 1938—that in a small Southern Baptist mission station in North China we were coming up out of a slit trench after a terrific air raid. Grace Gibbard, a Red Cross secretary, was the only other Canadian present. We were billeted in a small American compound and as we came up out of the slit trench we listened to the expressions of shock and disappointment from our American hosts.

What made them surprised and disappointed was to look out on the tennis court at what was, I think, the largest American flag I have ever seen. It covered the court, end to end and side to side. It was made upon those dimensions and was put down so that at the time of the air raids the people would know this was American property and therefore would not bomb it.

As we got up out of the slit trench the flag was very badly perforated, the hospital had a corner knocked off, and every piece of property in the whole mission station had the plaster and the glass removed. We all were faced with rapid adaptation to a principle that was new to us but that has since become universal: *In modern war there are no neutrals.*

There Are No Neutrals

The fact that we were able to adapt ourselves to that principle (which pretty soon included the Red Cross as well) is the reason I am here tonight. We sometimes have to make rapid adaptations to new principles.

I think a similar challenge faces us today. One of Canada's greatest contemporary scientists has been telling us for some years that the criterion by which you distinguish a living thing from a non-living thing is its power of adaptation. If it can adapt itself to changing surroundings, it is probably a living cell. If it cannot adapt itself to living surroundings, it is just a bunch of protoplasm. I think he would agree that the power of adaptation decides your rank in the stages of developing living things.

You and I are faced with the problem of adapting ourselves to world citizenship, and we haven't very long in which to do it. It is going to require some rapid adaptation.

World citizenship, it seems to me, is no longer a matter of choice. You cannot say you will be a citizen or you will not be a citizen. World citizenship today is compulsory. You have the choice of being a bad citizen or a good citizen.

We must do global thinking in order to hold our place as good citizens of the world. In many ways

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we have already adapted our thinking along those lines. In maintaining our living standard and in our commerce we have become adapted to global thinking. You sit down to a meal cooked in utensils made from refined bauxite from South America. In our food we use spices from China and the South Seas. We sweeten our food with sugar from Java, the Philippines or Cuba. We finish off with tea from India, coffee from South America, or cocoa from Africa. Then we go out in a car driven by oil from South America or Persia, riding on rubber from Malaya.

Global Thinking

We have global thinking. We have to have it. As a matter of fact we become very irritated when in times of national crisis we find some of our global luxuries interfered with. We feel it is a legitimate grouse. In commerce we are quite accustomed to thinking in global terms. We would make very strong diplomatic representations if some country on the other side of the world dared to raise the tax on Chevrolet trucks or Canadian newsprint by ten per cent. We would certainly negotiate at a very high level.

Now, in the invisible, philosophical sphere we are not quite so global. In our political thinking we have come a long way in the last few years. Yet we still fear becoming too much involved in the other fellow's business. We still have the old question in our mind: Am I my brother's keeper? We still are not adapted in our political life. Our political leaders will tell us that they are waiting for us to change our minds a bit before they can take the further steps.

In our moral life as well we tend to lack in adaptation. The scene is very hopeful but the progress is slow. I am surprised that young people should think that it is possible to develop a high moral character by haphazard methods. There is not a young person here but knows that to achieve intellectual standards he will have to study systematically; he will have to develop self-discipline. Yet too often we assume that moral standards will just come, just happen. Will they?

I no longer believe that things "just happen." Moral standards, like anything else, will come to us if we exert the effort, if we use the discipline, and if we train ourselves systematically.

The Lag in Global Morality

You saw in your papers pictures of Seoul and other cities in Korea after they had been retaken from the enemy. We felt a relief that those had been recaptured. But did you notice the outstanding feature of all those pictures? It was rubble. I have seen them. Not rubble heaps—that is wrong, it was just rubble. The heaps take a lot more work. When rubble gets into heaps that is a sign that reconstruction is beginning. You didn't see any rubble heaps in those pictures. I have made rubble into heaps. It takes days and days of work.

Did you ask yourselves, What are they doing for houses now? Did you know that winter was coming in Korea, and the Korean winter is very similar to the winter in Ontario west of London, over to Windsor? Not particularly cozy.

Did you hear anyone say that we had moved people out to Korea, people who could make cement blocks and bricks? Did you hear of any large shipments of windows, cement and electric wiring? Did you hear anything about the marvelous chance to design new cities, built for 1952, now that old ones are cleared off?

You see, we are slow on our global thinking. We lag. You saw pictures of bombers, fleets of bombers going over Korea. You knew they would end the mess quicker because there were enough of them, but the bombs have not yet been invented that pick out the people that have nasty thoughts and leave the ones who have good thoughts. People who are friendly to us got wounded just the same as the ones who are our worst enemies. They all got the same wounds, they all died that same death. You and I both know that wounds of the body bring with them wounds of the mind. Wounds of the mind are considerably worse when made by friends. I know quite a bit about that. I have worked with it for a good many years.

Now, after the bombers are all scrapped and obsolete, after they are heaps of aluminum in the corner of a field, what about the wreckage they left down below? How many years does it take to patch up the women and kids caught in that air raid? Have you figured out who is going to do it? How is it going to be paid for? Have you ever tried to make friends with a kiddie with one arm off, even though the arm was removed by an allied effort?

Respond We Must

Global thinking, like anything else, doesn't just happen. It can be developed. Psychological rules for learning and teaching are just as sound in this field as any other field.

Another thing is to learn by doing. We see it every day in our paper. There is a disaster, let us say, to a family in your community—a house burns down, or some other kind of disaster. Everyone rallies around. You do, too. You give five dollars, you stick it in an envelope and send it anonymously. You do without five dollars' worth of something. You feel good about it though. You get your five dollars' worth of good feeling.

The next time there is something like that it is still easier to do it the second time, and the third time. They have floods in Winnipeg, they have fires in Rimouski. You feel keenly about it. You send a check. You send it promptly. You see, you are becoming conditioned. You are becoming a good citizen of your community, your city and your country.

Conversely, of course, you may turn down the appeal and the next appeal becomes still easier to turn down. Again, in the wrong way, you are learning fast. You are becoming conditioned to being a tightwad for the rest of your life.

Now, there is danger to our global thinking if we do not respond to the stimulus. It is not a matter of standing still. You go forward or you

go backward, but you *go*. It is not just a missed opportunity, it is something much worse than that. If we do not respond we are becoming conditioned away from world citizenship. If we leave too much stimulus to which we have not responded we soon become immune to further stimulation. So we may say, "What is it to me?" We answer that if it is important probably the government will do it. That is away from world citizenship.

To the extent that we do not respond we become immune. If we respond, however, no matter how little, we become softened, sympathies deepen, and we begin to adapt to world citizenship.

I know a man—he may be here tonight—from Newmarket. He read in a paper of the strings of refugees, the Hindus caught in Pakistan and the Muslims caught in India, subject to risk and persecution and sometimes danger in the heat of the division of India. He read that in the paper. He left the farm in Newmarket and he went out to Bombay. He belongs to no big organization on that job. He went out to Bombay and he found that if there was a Caucasian in the group, he and a companion could take a thousand people on the route, and could walk with them for two or three weeks and pick up a convoy of a thousand from the other side. He did this for almost a year, taking a convoy of a thousand each time. It prevented the country being raided, prevented the convoy being killed.

Then he came back to Newmarket, Ontario. He is showing the signs of being a good world citizen. He did not fail to respond to the stimulus. The means are provided. Don't worry about that. He didn't have a contract before he left here. He didn't know any people in Bombay. You will find at the base of every single one of these things the lack is the person to do it. There is a shortage of people who can carry out such projects.

The Other Side

Now I just want to remind you there are not only Christian world citizens, there are non-Christian world citizens. They are just as communal in their thinking and just as active as we are. In the new postwar civilizations and political philosophies being built up, particularly those being built up in Asia, Africa and the Middle East, both the Christian and the non-Christian are having their influence in this new building. We are up against competition. We are up against competition just as though we were selling soap chips or cosmetics, only this time we play for keeps. Whoever seeds most and cultivates most, I believe will harvest most.

I believe the non-Christian ideas have some powerful, skillful, and well trained missionaries. They are so far ahead of us already in some fields that those fields are closed to us for the present. A businessman, a friend of mine in China, said in an article, "The fields are white unto the harvest but there is a fence around them."

Fences are going up all over. As Christian missionaries we cannot go anyplace and garner the harvest. In some places the fences are up too high. Yet there are lots of places where the fences are not up yet, and we have, I believe, an advantage over the other people in this respect: I think the Christian ideals can be expressed through an infinitely greater number of channels than can the non-Christian ideals. At least the Christian mind is more flexible than its non-Christian counterpart in the world competition that is going on now.

You will tell me this is a fine line of talk for Sunday night. You will tell me there are two difficulties. The first thing you can say is this: What can I, one person, perhaps not yet through school, what can I do that will count at all?

The second thing you will say is: In the present state of world chaos how can one do effective work? Let us wait until it settles down a bit. I believe "wait for the dust to settle" is the phrase that is used in one of the state departments.

This Is the Time

Now, in dealing with your personal reasons about what can I do, may I just answer it this way: This work does require a bit of faith. When I went out from this church 26 years ago, the agreement I had was just a farewell sentence from Dr. Pidgeon. He said, "Bob, you may be sure Bloor Street will never let you down." It wasn't any written statement, it didn't have two signatures of witnesses to it, nothing signed on the dotted line. Let me just say that for 25 years it has worked, it has worked every time and has worked all the time, and it is going to work in the future. I have faith in it. You can't get far without some faith.

Now, there are so many people who have the finest spirit toward their fellow men, who have global thinking to a very high degree; yet these people, because of their age, their ties, their duties, their training, cannot themselves go to express this Christian feeling to their fellow men in other lands. There are thousands of these people. The church is rich in them. They ask you to go for them. That is all it means—being a missionary. The people who can't go ask anyone who can to go for them. Can you have faith enough in your fellow men to know that they will not ask you to go to the ends of the earth on their behalf and then deny you the tools to work with? That doesn't happen. People aren't like that.

So I say I can go out with complete confidence. Perhaps to some it seems like too much confidence. Yet it is because I have a complete faith in the people of this congregation.

You may answer that you do not feel your talents and skill are suitable for mission work. Let me just say: I doubt if you have any talent, any skill that you have been born with or that you have acquired that cannot be used today as a channel through which to express the love of God to men.

Let me give you two very brief examples. A highly trained electrical engineer from New Zealand came to China. He saw a need when he got there. He didn't know what on earth he was coming to. He wanted to do something for his fellow

men in the postwar years. He has set up over 200 x-ray machines that UNNRA gave to China. UNNRA didn't set them up; it left them in boxes at the seaport. This man set them up. He has set up 16 deep therapy machines and with funds contributed to me by a doctor's widow in Winnipeg he is able to calibrate those machines. Every person in China today who is having x-ray treatment for cancer is having it because the electrical engineer from New Zealand was there to set up the machines.

I think of another boy who passed through Toronto about four or five weeks ago. He is not a college graduate, he is just a mechanic. He came to China from a garage in Yorkshire, I believe it was. What did he find? He worked on motor trucks, first for the Red Cross. He didn't feel that was enough. He decided that he would go down and take the ideas of a doctor and he made artificial limbs for the Chinese war victims. He makes a pretty good artificial leg. He made 20 or 30 for my cases. They cost between five and six dollars, U.S. currency, each. He has come back now. He has gone over to England, looking for training, and he hopes to train again in Canada. Perhaps his training will be a project we might think of some time. He wants to go back and spend his life and it will take all his lifetime to supply artificial limbs to the war victims. He is just a garage mechanic, but he has some global thinking.

This still leaves the matter of the unsettled times. I just want to say this in closing: to me world turmoil is the very chance for Christian teaching and Christian living. This is the time when minds, both singly and collectively, are in the formative stage. This is the time to work on them, now, when they are malleable.

Jesus himself was born into times just like this, into a political whirlpool in Palestine where one of the bloodiest revolts in human history had just been put down by the force of the Roman empire. That was the world into which Christ was born. His message is a message for people in that state. You and I today are living custodians of the message. Turmoil doesn't make the Christian message more difficult, it makes it easier.

The Love of God in Our Time

Let me close by telling you an old story that I have told to some of you. In December 1948 I was in Hankow, working in a British hospital there. The patients were about 60 per cent war victims. A train came down every night from the Communist area, 200 miles to the north of us. They called it the "mixed train," mixed passengers and freight. The freight was underneath, the passengers on top of the freight. It was mixed as far as the conductors were concerned too. Nobody bought any ticket. There were anywhere from 800 to 1,200 refugees every night. They didn't bring them into the station. (With that many refugees about you can't keep a station clean.) They went right on to the freight yards. (Refugees don't make such a mess in the freight yards.) They came in after dark. (It doesn't demoralize the population so badly.) There was no Traveler's Aid, there was no Salvation Army.

One night in December 1948 I heard the train whistle and the Canadian doctor said to me, "That is the refugee train." We waited about 20 minutes and the telephone rang. They called me over to the admitting hall and in the big hall there stood a little lady who had just got off the refugee train. She had in one hand all her worldly possessions, done up in a dirty sort of handkerchief, and in the other hand she held a baby. The baby was dying of diphtheria. It didn't take long to make a diagnosis at that stage of the game. The baby was gasping, it was blue in the face, blue around the lips. She held the baby in her arm and we held our breath to see whether it would take another breath or if that were the last. We said to the mother, "You are too late." She said, "I came as fast as I could. The baby was all right when we left home, 300 miles away." She had walked a 100 miles to the railway and in the jam of refugees her kiddie got diphtheria. The father had died.

I asked how the father had died. He had been killed by the Nationalists or the Communists. She said, "I wonder whether the grain of wheat knows whether it is milled by the nether or the upper millstone."

I said to the lady, "You are too late." She said, "Is that your only answer?" I said, "Well, there is one chance in ten thousand." She said, "Why not take it?"

We rushed to the operating room. Fortunately, the instruments were all ready in a sterile kit. I opened the child's trachea and put in a tube. I gave all the diphtheria antitoxin in the Frigidaire, only half of what would have been used in Toronto.

The kiddie got better. That was Sunday night. By Tuesday the lady was pestering me in the hall. I thought she was still worrying about the child. I said, "Lady, the kiddie is all right. Don't worry. Run along." She said, "Are you too busy to look at me?"

I discovered she had cancer of the breast. I operated on Wednesday, and on Friday when I was going the ward rounds I stopped at her bed. I have the figures here. The baby cost $4.67; the woman cost $16.50—total $21.17.

The Canadian doctor with me was not impressed with the surgery—it was everyday stuff. As we went home to tea afterward, on Friday afternoon, he said, "Bob, when you get home, tell them—tell them how easy it is to express the love of God in our time."

One Major Question

There is just one major question confronting the American people: Are we going to be here ten years from now or are we going to blow ourselves to pieces?—*Henry Hitt Crane, Central Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich., in an address before the Chicago Sunday Evening Club.*

Letters of Recommendation

By K. Morgan Edwards

You yourselves are our letter of recommendation, written on your hearts, to be known and read by all men; . . . written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts. II Corinthians 3:2-3.

WHO is able to estimate the place which letters have played in shaping human destiny? In defense of his theses, a young man wrote to Pope Leo X: "If I have deserved death, I shall not refuse to die." He had taken his stand. The die was cast. Martin Luther had precipitated the Reformation.

On July 1, 1776, the penman of the Revolution wrote to a friend: "My country will have my political creed in the form of a 'Declaration' which I was lately directed to draw." Most of that which we cherish of democratic and religious freedom puts us in debt to the pen of one whose epitaph wisely reads: "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." In four days of writing Thomas Jefferson had changed the course of world history.

In 1796, after Mary Lamb, in a fit of insanity, had taken the life of her mother, Charles Lamb wrote of the tragedy to his friend Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge wrote with such spirituality and surpassing faith that his answer has become one of the great devotional letters of the language.

In 1844 Elizabeth Barrett published a volume of poems that elicited a letter of praise from Robert Browning. The correspondence which ensued led to a marriage so perfect in union of heart and mind and soul that history has recorded no marriage more ideal. And England's most gifted woman poet wrote of this love:

> . . . I love thee with the breath,
> Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
> I shall but love thee better after death.

Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Lydia Bixby all five of whose sons were reported to have been killed in the Civil War, with such simple and pathetic beauty of the consolation such sacrifice should bring that almost instantly the entire world sensed that "human freedom so often is paid for with agony."

Outnumbered by overwhelming odds, determined to end the useless sacrifice of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, Robert E. Lee wrote to his men on April 10, 1865, of his "unceasing admiration of [their] constancy and devotion to [their] country." The War Between the States was ended and a great military genius was taller in defeat than he had been in victory.

Dr. George Buttrick, called upon to give a high school commencement address, sat looking at the program which carried the class motto, "Deeds, Not Words," until he wanted to cry out against it, "No! You are wrong, words are deeds." One scarcely needs to be a historian to suspect that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Letters of Influence

No letters have had a larger influence on the destiny of the world than those which came from the pen of Paul the apostle. Yet Paul, realizing that written words have limitations unless they are endorsed with life, writes: "You yourselves are our letter of recommendation, written on your hearts, to be known and read by all men; . . . written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts."

The Christian church has been the letter of recommendation from Christ to the world. Arnold Toynbee observes that the church has been "the carrier of culture." It gathered up the classical Mediterranean civilizations and carried them over into western Asia and northern Europe. The church has been a letter for the expression of the faith of the Hebrews, the beauty and knowledge of the Greeks, the law and order of the Romans, and the brotherhood of the early Christian community. Remove from the world this carrier of culture and you deprive society of the things we cherish most—the dignity of man, the earnest hope for a new order, the sense of man's freedom and of his responsibility to a higher moral order.

Who dares to calculate the debt we owe to the prophets who gave us the great moral and spiritual insights of our faith—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, Hosea—and the company of scholars who gathered around them to preserve their message for the world. Yet the central person in our faith is One who never wrote a book. The one recorded

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instance of his having written says that he wrote with his finger in the sands of the market place. Scarcely had he finished when the shuffling feet of guilty men effaced what he had written, leaving no record behind—none save the record of a life. He in whom our faith is centered is the Word who "become flesh and dwelt among us." Christ is God's living letter of recommendation to the world. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

In Whose Name?

Paul appeals to us to take a letter to a distraught world from Christ our Lord. What principles ought to govern the sending of such a letter to the world? First, we cannot send a letter which is at once his word and our word. It is not easy to write a word which is in harmony with his will and in keeping with our desires.

Rudyard Kipling was asked by Queen Victoria to write a poetic word for the Jubilee, the celebration of which exuded the power of Britain. The "Recessional" was Kipling's unpleasant answer to her majesty.

God has always been the ruler of the world. No nation has ever denied the eternal sovereignty of God and survived. God's moral kingdom of truth, righteousness and justice has always been in existence. The world to which we carry his word, where men play, eat, drink, marry and dream of peace is judged not by our standards but by eternal standards. The layman who is upset by the minister who criticizes the economy under which we live would do well to remember that God's standards are always judging the world which we build. God's eternal truth is always bringing up under the searchlight of his judgment all the principles by which we seek to live. This is God's world and God's Kingdom. His justice and his righteousness are always in operation whether we recognize them or not. Is not the seal on the letter which you and I send to the world more likely to be the dollar mark than the cross? If Jesus was right when he said, "You cannot serve God and Mammon," then our message cannot bear both seals.

No Discreet Silences

There is a second consideration concerning our letter to the world. Are there discreet silences in the hope that none will be able to read between the lines? Henry Ward Beecher told of a lady who held up to him the homeliest baby imaginable and asked, "Isn't this the most beautiful baby you've ever seen?" The diplomatic Beecher, not wanting to hurt the feelings of the mother, looked into the baby's face and said, "What a baby!"

Our letter must have no vacant spaces, no implications between the lines. A valid witness in the present day will say what it has to say about the scourge of war, about a society which has put too much emphasis upon profit and not enough on personality. It will deal fearlessly with our prejudices.

Where hunger exists and economic and social injustice blight life, our letters must expose the causes of present bitterness. Unless they are directed to those who are in position to change conditions, our letters will find their way to life's dead-letter office. Unless our letters state the case clearly, the witness of the Kingdom of God will remain undelivered and the reality of the Christian mission will be an illusion.

Thomas Merton in *The Seven-Storey Mountain* says that Harlem is a "divine indictment against New York city." Our sex-saturated generation with its attendant degeneration is a divine indictment against the whole community. Unless we are willing to write a letter which says what it ought to say about the moral decay of our people, the increasing debility resulting from gambling, the evidence of dishonesty in public office, and the apathy of our citizenry, we will pander to the moral enervation of our age.

Honest Self-Examination

We will want to examine the letter carefully before we send it on its way. When I entered college, one of the first letters I got from my father had this suggestion in it: "After you have written an important letter sleep over it before you mail it. Always examine it carefully. After you have put it into the mailbox, you lose control over who is to read it." Your letter of recommendation commending Christ to the world goes beyond your control the minute you release it. For good or ill your witness becomes public property.

Are you willing to take a good look at your letter? If you want to know in a single sentence why most of the fascist dictatorships of modern times rose and went down to ashes in one generation, it is because they were unwilling to endure self-criticism. Those who flee communist-dominated countries or renounce previous loyalty to the party are agreed on one thing: Communism is an intellectual strait-jacket; those who commit themselves to it forego the privilege of asking pertinent questions about party policy and become snivelling yes-men.

Democracy retards accomplishment. But it is slow precisely because it is willing to ask questions of itself and to allow criticisms that come from within. Isn't that one of the characteristic marks of the Christian faith? "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The Master, incensed by praise, looking down into his own life, cried out, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God." When Paul called himself the "chief of sinners," it was no feigned humility; it was honest examination of his own heart.

When you send this letter does your heart go with it? Penmanship matters little without sincerity. A country girl married a boy from the city. She wrote home to report to her parents: "At last I have everything that I have wanted. I have enough money to buy all the clothes I can wear. I possess my own car. I travel widely. I attend all the theaters for which my schedule will allow time. There is only one thing that is wrong—I hate my husband."

It makes very little difference whether we tell the world of a word of love and reconciliation, of desires fulfilled and hope held high, if there is bitterness within, hardness where there ought to be tenderness and hatred where there ought to be love. Your letter to the world means nothing unless you can endorse with your heart what you say with your life.

To know that a world is hungry, and therefore send it food, is not enough. To know that a world is naked, and therefore gather clothing, is scarcely adequate. That delays the chill of winter but brings no warmth of brotherhood. Coleridge understood this when he sang:

> Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
> Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
> And he that works me good with unmoved face,
> Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
> My benefactor, not my brother man!

In a period of unparalleled tragedy, if our letter is to traverse the earth, we must feel the anguish of humanity even if we have to become the sufferer. Walt Whitman could write of the slave as few men in America were capable of doing because he became the slave in his heart, feeling the lash and knowing the despair.

Somewhere Bishop Gerald Kennedy tells of a wealthy woman who during gasoline rationing was forced to ride the subways in New York city. On her way to the opera one evening, as she held on to a strap and lifted her nose disdainfully, she said to her escort: "It's a long time since I've had to ride one of these smelly subways." An old man sitting near by looked up from his paper and said, "Lady, we've missed you."

Yours Truly?

There are a lot of people who have been missed in places where they ought to have been. They have tried to send letters to China or to the needy areas in the world community, or have even attempted to discharge obligations by sending checks. But Paul will have none of this. "You yourselves are our letter of recommendation, written on your hearts, to be known and read by all men; . . . written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts."

Surely we will want to consider the complimentary close. What of the last word before you sign your name? A young lad, sending a message to a young lady, wrote:

> Dear Mary: I love you so much that I would like to come and find you in a burning building and carry you to safety just to show you how much I love you. Or I'd like to find you in a sinking ship and swim and carry you safely to shore just to demonstrate my love for you. I'll be over to see you on Saturday evening, if it doesn't rain.
>
> Yours truly,
> JOHN.

Three friends decided never to conclude a letter with any thing which they could not endorse wholeheartedly. They never ended their letters, "Your truly," but always "Yours with discrimination."

In the letter which you are to the world for Christ are you "Yours with discrimination" or really "Yours truly"?

A Pastoral Prayer

By Albert J. Kissling, Riverside Presbyterian, Jacksonville, Florida

FATHER, we thank thee for the task thou hast committed to our hands as followers of Jesus Christ, to build his church and to bring in his Kingdom. As thy Spirit worketh in us, we confess that we are not equal to the task. We think too much of ourselves and our own treasures. Our vision has been dimmed. While it is yet day, O God, stir us. Show us how to speak the word that others may hear and believe; show us how to live that the Christian faith may become contagious. Show us, O God, how we ought to pray so that mighty rivers of spiritual redemption shall flow through this church to change the lives of men and women.

O God, look in mercy upon the nations of the world. Bless the men who are in places of danger. Comfort the dying, sustain the wounded, shepherd the homeless. Bless the nurses and the doctors. Have mercy upon this nation. Bless its leaders. Cleanse the selfishness and the laziness and the greed that so often are found in high places. Give us decency in government. Send upon our nation's capital and upon our nation a new sense of humility.

Teach us, our God, that the Russians are people, that Stalin is a man and that thou hast made him. Let us not be afraid to pray for our enemies. Have mercy upon the Russian people. O God, we pray thee so to bless Premier Stalin that understanding and love may come to his heart, even as we pray that they may come to our own hearts, and that with justice the war shall be brought to an end. Too frequently have we made thee, O Father, a tribal God.

Bless thy church and watch over her missionaries. Hasten the day when men everywhere shall know the Lord. We know thou hast commissioned us to share the gospel. Forgive us for our lazy escapes. Some of us are so busy making money and having good times that it never occurs to us that we might do something to build the Kingdom, to feed the hungry, to gather up clothing for the needy, or to write letters to the homeless. O God, may the revival we pray for begin in our hearts, in the staff and preachers of this church, in all who have bowed the knee as elders and taken the holy oath, in every deacon, in every Sunday school teacher, in every usher and every leader of the women's work. Consecrate us to thy holy will that this church may be a true place of Christ. Drive out our prejudices. Wipe out our blind spots. Make every member of this church a true Christian.

Lord, lead us in the way of righteousness that we may become a blessing to this community and the world. In Jesus' name. Amen.

God Intervenes in Life

By F. N. James

. . . the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Exodus 3:5.

THERE was a time in the history of the drama when it could have been said, "The play's the thing." In early Greek drama the actors would come out on the stage with masks to indicate their characters but with no scenery or stage setting. The actors acted the play and if that was a failure there was nothing else. Even in Shakespeare's time page boys would come on the simple stage with a placard saying: "Forest of Arden" or "In the Duke's Palace." For the setting the audience had to use their imaginations; what mattered was the play.

Today a bad play may have a popular run because it is put on as a magnificent spectacle, with elaborate stage settings and superb costumes. An audience can be deceived into thinking a play is good by the glory of its setting.

I was taken recently to see a Roman Catholic church in New England. It was very impressive, though I did not think it was beautiful. It was dressed in marble and decorated with luxuriant ornament. Automatically one spoke quietly and felt a sense of mystery. (I had the same hushed sense in a superb modern shop which was like a temple of food.) The ornate church stood in my mind in contrast to the simple meetinghouse which forms the setting for our worship. It was like the contrast between the luxuriant growth of a tropical jungle and the simple woods of New England or Great Britain. Our Congregational forefathers would have said: The worship is the thing, not its setting. And to avoid the danger of identifying worship with its setting, they built plain meetinghouses and evolved a plain order of worship.

The setting is important; it is important that it should contribute to worship and not become a substitute for it.

Perhaps the most exciting thing I have seen during my stay in the United States was not the Empire State building or a great river or waterfall, but a small simple building that is not American at all. In the Yale art gallery is the earliest known Christian church building in the world. It was transported there from Dura on the Euphrates river. It is very small and of the simplest design, and as I looked at it I thought of the early Christians who met there and knew, in the midst of a pagan world, the presence of the living Christ, so that for them that little place was indeed holy ground. Then again I thought of those other Christians before them who had no church buildings at all; they met in private hoouses, perhaps in a basement where the slaves lived, by a riverside or in a cave. It was not the setting that mattered, but the worship whereby they met with Christ.

FREDERICK N. JAMES contributes our sermon from abroad in this issue. After five years at Cambridge University, he began his ministry in the slums of East London. This was followed by a pastorate in Lincoln where he was responsible for two welfare clubs. He is now the Congregational minister at George Street Church, Croydon, England.

The Reality of Worship

The Bible is full of incidents in which men have met with God and seldom do we find them within the formal and ornate temple or prepared setting for worship. Man met with God in a garden, on a mountaintop, in the mouth of a cave, in the wilderness or in a stable in Bethlehem. Man met with God in the setting, harsh or beautiful as the case may have been, of his daily life. There is no suggestion in the Bible that men should not go apart into a special place of worship—that was always seen as necessary. But it was the reality of worship that mattered, not the setting.

Out on the lonely mountain where he watched sheep, a middle-aged man (and let the middle-aged note how often God has used the middle-aged for special work of initiative) saw the strange sight of a bush that appeared to be on fire and yet did not burn. Unexpectedly, as he walked over to see it, he walked into one of the great moments of human history. For in that strange vision he met with God. It was not the burning bush that mattered, it was not the mountain or the psychological factors, but the fact that Moses met with God. The earth of an ordinary mountain near an extraordinary bush became in that moment holy ground. The eternal reality burst through the crust of ordinary things.

There is a basic assumption in this story and in the whole Bible which is simply this: God intervenes personally in human history. Now if you do not accept that assumption, the Bible loses a large part of its spiritual reality for you; for that is one of the main themes of the Bible, reaching its climax in the supreme intervention of God in the person of Jesus. If we hold a theory of history which leaves everything to chance, or an opposite theory which ties everything up in a fixed line of predestined events; if we believe in a mechanical universe or in history that is wholly subject to man's initiative and man's behavior—then the

Bible is mainly an unopened book for us. A leading English historian, Herbert Butterfield of Cambridge, feels so strongly about this that he has written a book, *Christianity and History,* in which he shows how any statesman who ignores the providence of God is doomed to failure.

Legend has woven many strange tales into history and sometimes we feel as if religious history is particularly entangled in legend and myth. But you cannot avoid the fact that, whatever the legends may say, whatever the setting of the story, God has intervened and does intervene in human history.

Here on a mountain in Palestine, there in an African village, here in the landing of Pilgrims on the American shore, and there where a slave was freed in the name of Christian brotherhood, is holy ground because God has intervened and spoken to the heart of man.

What holy ground is there in your own life? Many of you would say, A great deal. Day by day, year by year, you have known the nearness of God encompassing your life as the bark covers a tree and as vital to your existence. Others of you would say: I remember this or that, the rare and occasional moment of deep conviction and a deep sense of God. Again others might say: I remember nothing special, no incident, no particular occasion or experience, and yet perhaps a sense of the importance of God in life influencing everything.

Not all our experiences are the same or should be. But there is a weight of regret on our hearts when we think of the occasions we must have missed, the times when the burning bush has been a curiosity or a cause of alarm and not the holy ground of God's coming.

Winifred Holtby wrote a short story in which she imagined a man who invented a machine that could pick up voices from the past. It was announced that an attempt would be made to pick up the voice of Jesus. Great crowds gathered outside St. Paul's Cathedral in London to hear this wonder. They stood quiet and listened and at last the voice came through. Their silence turned to a puzzled murmur, the murmur turned to angry shouting, until at last they rushed upon the machine and smashed it. The voice spoke not in English but in Aramaic.

We often miss God because he does not come to us in the way we expect or want. The burning bush amuses us or makes us angry. But God does not obey our rules for right behavior. He is the ruler. We have to learn to accept God as God, to accept him as he is and not as we would like him to be. He may intervene in our lives through an enemy or through a friend, through a miracle of healing or through the cross.

This place—wherever God lays his finger upon your life—is holy ground and you must not tread over it with clumsy and curious feet. Take off your shoes and be humble. This gift of joy, this delight in beauty, this hurting sorrow, this dragging monotony, this aching disappointment—is perhaps not the language you expect from God, but it is the language he uses. Seek him there, seek him anywhere—no matter the setting; seek him in reality and not the God of your own making, and you will find him.

Why have you come here this morning? If the polite phrases and the formal reasons are left out and you could each answer in honesty, there would surely be a great variety of reasons for your being here now in this church—your sense of need, your desire for God, your curiosity, your desire for the company of others of like mind, mere habit; or the wind blew this way on your drifting life this morning—many reasons. There is only one valid reason for being here: to worship God. This place—not only because it is a church but because here is a company of men and women waiting on the Word of God—is holy ground.

"I Am," God calls himself—the one who is always in the present. Look back on the past, face the present day, look ahead to the future—God is contemporary, God is present. "I Am" stands over life and history. You cannot put God in the past tense: once I knew him, once he helped me, once I believed, he *was* then. You cannot put God in the future: one day I will come to him, one day he will be near, tomorow I shall meet him, he *will be.* Always God is in the present and you cannot really avoid him. He *is,* the great "I Am." He is a very present help in trouble, a very present prince of peace, a very present judge, a very present Lord of life. This moment is always God's moment, this place is always holy ground. And if we are humble enough to acknowledge that, ready to worship though we hardly know how to do it, God meets with us.

Titles and Texts

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

Graham R. Hodges, First Congregational, Ticonderoga, N. Y. "The Crowd's Morals and a Man's Conscience." Josh. 24:15—*Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*

L. W. Hauter, First Presbyterian, Oelwein, Iowa, "The Same Old Story." Gal. 4:29 (R.S.V.) —*As in that time . . . so it is now.*

H. K. Grose, Camp Point, Ill. "A Converted Tax Collector." Matt. 9:9—*And he arose and followed him.* Mark 2:15; Luke 5:27—*He forsook all and followed.*

B. W. Mantooth, First Baptist, Junction, Tex. "God's Jigsaw Puzzle" or "Putting the World Together Again." Ezek. 37:7b—*And the bones came together, bone to his bone.*

TRUE AND LASTING LOVE

A Junior High Young People's Sermon by John Schott

IN one of Shakespeare's plays *The Merchant of Venice,* we are told of a beautiful and brilliant young woman, Portia by name, who had many suitors. By some process of elimination the number was reduced to three, one of whom was a very handsome and charming young man from Venice. As it was customary in that country for the father to play an important role in the selection of his daughter's husband, Portia's father devised an ingenious test. Taking three boxes, one of gold, one of silver and one of lead, he placed Portia's picture in one of them. On the gold box he had inscribed the words, "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire"; on the silver box, "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"; and on the lead box, "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." Whichever of the three contestants chose the right box could have Portia as his wife.

A swarthy prince from Morocco was first. After reading the words on the gold box he said to himself: "Portia is, of course, the heart's desire of thousands of men. I am sure her picture is enshrined in the gold box." He was, however, mistaken, for when he opened it he read:

> All that glisters is not gold;
> Often have you heard that told.

A prince from Arragon was next. He apparently thought very highly of himself, for he was intrigued by the inscription on the silver box: "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." He reasoned something like this: "I am a very wealthy person. I come from a good and distinguished family, and I have always been able to get what I want. Certainly I deserve the beautiful Portia." But he also was mistaken; Portia's picture was not in the silver box.

Then came Bassanio, the attractive, scholarly young man from Venice. He was what we might call financially embarrassed, for he had even had to borrow money from a friend so that he could come and court Portia. But he had a most winsome personality and got such joy out of life that people were greatly delighted by his company. Naturally Portia was hoping that he would make the right choice.

Bassanio, of course, was not deceived by the gold box, for he well realized that many men desire a lot of foolish things. There is a Latin expression, *Vox populi, vox Dei*—"The voice of the people is the voice of God"—but he knew, as many of us do, that that is not true. It is very fortunate for us that God does not give us everything we desire.

The silver box—"who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"—Bassanio passed by quickly. Being a modest man, he readily admitted that he did not deserve so fair a woman as Portia.

The third box, however, with its inscription, "Who chooseth me shall give and hazard all he hath," did appeal to him. He was deeply in love with Portia. He did not want to feel that by marrying her he would be striking some sort of bargain or merely getting what he selfishly desired or deserved; he sincerely wanted to give and hazard all he had for her. Needless to say, he selected the least attractive box and was delighted to find Portia's picture therein.

On the surface that does not seem the ideal way of selecting a husband, but what right have we lesser mortals to argue with Shakespeare? There is, however, a great deal of truth to that story, for when a person marries he must not be motivated by selfish reasons, by what he desires or thinks he deserves. True and lasting love can only be achieved by a husband and wife who are willing to give and hazard all they have for each other.

And that is true of life itself. The people who really get joy out of life are those who forget themselves in the service of others. Said Jesus: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." To those who give and hazard all they have for some cause greater than themselves, life becomes a thrilling adventure.

JOHN SCHOTT is the associate minister of Fairmount Presbyterian Church, Cleveland Heights, Ohio. His sermons for children have appeared previously in The Pulpit.

Our Mission in Prospect

Tune: *Joanna.*11.11.11.11

O CHRIST, this country is thine to command!
Be Lord of our glorious widespreading land.
America's faith to thy truth we shall hold,
Amid all her people thy vision unfold.

As traced once thy footsteps the Palestine lanes,
On miracle-wheels now traverse our domains:
Copilot fleet wings of the airways with men;
Befriend us today through thy Spirit as then.

Come, enter our dwellings and shrines where we pray,
And thence join our journeying out on life's way.
In every employ, in our commerce and craft,
With grace such as thine may we ever be staff'd.

Come, center our hearts in divine fatherhood;
Empower earth's children that life may be good.
A medley of races, our voices we raise
In jubilant anthem, recording thy praise.

JOHN CALVIN HAUENSTEIN.

Pulpit Post

Homiletical Reverberations

SIR: Just what is wrong with jacking up our topical sermons and running texts in under them? Dr. Irwin (September) seems to consider this as some kind of a trickery on the congregation. One receives a picture of a thief going over to his concordance and slyly slipping in a text. The approach as pictured by him is unfair. I'll wager he has jacked up a number of biblical sermons by running illustrations under them. He does it, of course, to create a total effect.

The use of a text at the beginning and the end of a topical sermon does the same thing. It aids in the relationship of the parts to each other. It aids in total homiletical effect. It's still a topical sermon and no one is trying to say it isn't. I object to Mr. Irwin's self-righteousness.

The Church at
Mount Hermon School,
Mount Hermon, Mass.
JAMES RAE WHYTE.

SIR: In view of the fact that my friend Dr. John Irwin referred to my sermon "The Art of Growing Older" in his article (September), I claim the right to enter into the discussion of the use of scripture texts with topical sermons. It was either Phillips Brooks or Henry Ward Beecher who said one time that a text on a sermon is like a gate to a pasture; many preachers too often swing on the gate instead of going in to the wide green meadows.

While I would agree with the desirability of more expository preaching, I have never felt that it was out of place to use a text as a scripture background or introduction to a topical message. In such a case, the sermon, itself, becomes an illustration or documentation of the text rather than exposition of it. This, it seems to me, is a legitimate homiletic form. In fact Webster's definition of a sermon is: "A discourse . . . for religious instruction, and *grounded on* a passage of Scripture." (Webster's Collegiate Dictionary).

I appreciate Dr. Irwin's nice comments about the sermon in question. Others who may wish to dissect this "horrible example" may find it in my book *On Living With Yourself*, published recently by Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

Wilmette Parish Methodist,
Wilmette, Ill.
CHARLES M. CROWE.

Republican or Democrat?

SIR: Your August issue contained a sermon by *Dwight E. Stevenson.* Was his mother a Republican and his father a Democrat?

Boston, Mass.
MYRON KLINKMAN.

We Wondered

SIR: After looking through the October issue of the *Pulpit* three times, I decided that there was no Titles and Texts page. Please do not discontinue this feature. I believe a great majority of your readers would vote for it.

Bethany Congregational,
Los Angeles, Calif.
WILLIAM I. NEWMAN.

An Evaluation of American Sermons

SIR: I have been getting the *Christian Century* for nine years now, and the *Pulpit* for six. Their arrival is always eagerly awaited.

I wonder how typical of American preaching is the kind of sermon published in the *Pulpit,* in length, structure, theme and quality of material. Many of the sermons seem to be gelatinous, as Simeon Stylites once put it—either the bones were never in them, or else somebody took them out. Very few sermons are Biblical; frequently the only Scripture used is the text which appears under the title, and there are very few textual or expository sermons.

It is interesting, even disturbing, to find how frequently Christianity is identified with democracy and the American way of life. Communism is given a whipping on the slight pretext. Protestations of "peace-loving" and realities of militarization are seldom reconciled. The basis of American power is too narrowly located in the (democratic?) religious faith of the Pilgrim Fathers . . . and so on.

In this regard it is instructive to compare The *Century* and The *Pulpit.* I am sure that The *Century* lives more on the frontier than The *Pulpit.* Perhaps the answer might be to make The *Century* compulsory reading for all *Pulpiteers!* But, whatever you do, keep Simeon Stylites and Morton Enslin in a good state of preservation. They keep us not far from the Kingdom.

Church of Christ,
Brisbane, Australia
R. W. GRAHAM.

The Man by the Side of the Road

SIR: In reading the September *Pulpit* I note the sermon, "The Man by the Side of the Road." The sermon, after the first paragraph is a good sermon, but the first three paragraphs are the most unchristian I have ever read. In the first place, I do not believe the story. In the second place, how would Mr. Lorenz feel if he happened to be one of the 'rather well known ministers of Indianapolis'? It has been my happy privilege to serve one of the better known churches in the city of Indianapolis. I wonder what my friends think of me for the veil of suspicion of unchristlikeness which has been cast not only on me, but on every other well known minister in the city?

First Methodist,
Sullivan, Ind.
E. E. ALDRICH.

MR. LORENZ REPLIES

SIR: My sermon was a failure. Had it been a success, Mr. Aldrich would have written in with compassion for the Christian laymen who took a much rougher beating in my paraphrase of Jesus' parable than did the 'well known Indianapolis minister.' The point is this: in the light of Christ's teachings, do we not *all* stand condemned?

Plainview, Texas
WILLIAM G. LORENZ.

For a Sermon Series

SIR: I am now at work on a series of sermons on the Ten Commandments. Consequently, I read with much interest Paul Turk's sermon on "Christians and the Lord's Day" (September). I like his approach to the problem and I will be quoting some of his words of wisdom.

Kempton, Ill.
GLENN S. GOTHARD.

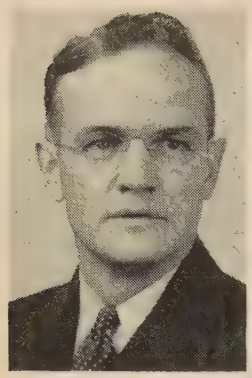
SIR: Thank you for the sermon "Christians and the Lord's Day," by Paul E. Turk, in the September Pulpit. Christians must face this great and vital question, and our preachers must preach on the subject even if it may offend those on our membership rolls who misuse and abuse the Lord's Day.

Greenwood Lake, N. Y.
ROBERT S. WOMER.

A Timely Sermon

SIR: Allow me to greet Eugene M. Austin on the "Peril of Conformity" (October). I have served over half a century in the ministry, brought up under the late Dr. Alexander McLaren in Manchester (England), and a disciple of the late Dr. John Clifford of London as a guide in the social application of the gospel, so I claim to know something of what a timely sermon should be. It has depressed me to notice the side-stepping of large numbers of ministers in these days of world crisis, but *the clear challenge of this sermon revives a hope that we have still a prophetic ministry.* Thanks for a fearless, plain and practical utterance calling for spiritual sanity.

Detroit, Mich.
DANIEL HUGHES.



By Merl Schiffman

A searching analysis of the modern pastor's public and private prayer life

'Lord Teach Us to Pray'

ONE of the occupational beliefs of the minister is that, because we can preach, we can pray. Having up our sleeves a few appropriate remarks and stories for the sudden occasion of being called upon to speak, we parallel this ability with the belief that prayer comes equally easy. As a result, our public prayers often walk around in vague generalities searching for a theme. Notice how frequently the minister, when called upon to pray, will begin with "O God, we thank Thee" . . . (pause, deep breath). You can depend on it that such a prayer doesn't know where it is going. It will wander, repeat, localize because it has been conceived in haste and is born unprepared.

Tied in with this whole failure is our conception of prayer and our idea of the God to whom we pray. Consider the bedside prayer of one pastor; "O God, let Thy blessing be upon John, here, who underwent a serious operation last Tuesday morning for cirrhosis of the liver." Or, the clergyman who includes in his Sunday prayer a request for God's attention to "one man in our congregation who was seriously injured last night when his car skidded at the corner of Main and Second Streets." You may be sure that, for the next few minutes, the congregation will be straining their thoughts to identify this fellow-member.

Prayer Requires Preparation

What should prayer do? What kind of a God needs this sort of detailed description? Is prayer a summary of an event needing his attention? Or is it communion, reaffirmation of relationship, restoring the soul through acknowledgment and need? Will chumminess with the Eternal bring him closer or help his effectiveness? Verily, for all our theological whittling, our idea of the God to whom we pray is sometimes miles apart from the God we defend.

MERL SCHIFFMAN is pastor of Trinity Evangelical and Reformed Church, Gowanda, N. Y. Since graduating from Eden Theological Seminary he has had pastorates in Boston, New York and Pennsylvania. He took clinical training in the field of mental hygiene and is chaplain on the staff of the Gowanda State Hospital for Mental Hygiene.

What we frequently are doing in our unpreparedness, is seeking to be specific with our listeners that they may have no doubt about whom we are praying; and, adding words for volume because we have not considered the special need of the moment. Thus our prayers make up in amount what they lack in personal effect.

Again, on the negative side of this hazard, is the use and misuse of words. Without preparation, we pastors become repetitious in our language because we pay so little attention to our vocabulary. The great words of our Christian heritage such as "faith," "trust," "love," and "hope" are excellent hooks on which to hang our affirmations of belief; but, they need individual content and personal surroundings or they dribble off in meaningless phrases, "let us have faith," "trust and obey," "love will find a way," "we must never lose hope." They are, in Henry Sloan Coffin's phrase, "ambiguities with a whoop." So, pastoral attention to a fresh and changing vocabulary is an inspiration starter that meets the parishioner or group where it is.

Furthermore, the pastoral duty to pray often blinds him to occasions when, not to pray, is equally important. In the haste of accident, or the housecleaning when the mortician temporarily removes the deceased, and in some instances of mental illness, not to pray at the moment is the wiser decision. Prayer wants atmosphere as well as need or it becomes an interruption resembling a local gesture, meeting neither need nor event. It is an alert minister who recognizes the poor locale for prayer and waits for a more calm and receptive moment. Prayer, then, is a restorative instead of a magic that must be immediately used.

Relevent Needs

Not only atmosphere but relevant need should also decide the occasion of prayer. We would not pray while the river overflowed its banks. Effort for the safety and care of our families and neighbors would precede prayer. So, a farmer came to church because the village pastor helped him get his cows back into the pasture, not because he prayed while they trampled the corn. As Leslie Weatherhead puts it, "No enthusiast for prayer must pretend that prayer is the activity most relevant to every situation, though there can be no situation unenriched by it."

Turn now to some cues that are at hand, too often ignored because we assume our praying ability is as qualified as our preaching:

1. Prayer needs preparation. Here is a minister who spends four mornings a week on his sermon and then notes on his Sunday bulletin the item of "The Prayer." Without thought for content or relationship to the development of the worship theme, such a prayer will be vague, hollow, repetitious, until the congregation will know where it is going by the familiar phrases, for which it has learned to listen. Further, slips of the tongue and the above details of illness and surrounding data will hop on the ride because, somehow, the prayer must last four minutes.

The Vocabulary of Prayer

Having spent roughly sixteen hours on sermon preparation, does not the prayer deserve several hours of attention, of study and thought, of writing and memorization or rereading? The only cure for many of us is the discipline of the written prayer. There we can cut and trim, add and substitute until a thimble of thought replaces a wagonload of words. And, the prayer at last has its elements,—praise, penitence made and forgiveness sought, public and personal need.

2. This leads us directly into the importance of the vocabulary of prayer both for public and individual use. We are note-making pastors, reading with pencil and pad nearby, listening and watching all our days for thoughts, illustrations, remarks which will give our sermons meat. Cannot this be true of prayer? Searching for new words and phrases that are inspirational? See what thoughts begin to unfold when one uses fresh words like, "blend, "brood," "corral," "fortify," 'revise," as sentence starters. How personal are Dr. Fosdick's words, ". . . come down the secret stairway of our spirits and meet us there. . . .!"

Added to this replenishment of vocabulary is the excellent habit of the pastor who develops a library of the prayer books of the Church, memorizes many of them, and, equally important, carries one with him for

(Continued on page 27)

Sermon Summaries

Mr. Next President

I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.—I Timothy 2:1-2.

SUPPOSE you had a chance to speak for fifteen minutes to the next president of the United States, what would you say?

Mr. Next President, wherever you are today, may I assure you that millions are already praying that you will be God's choice to lead our country in this dangerous hour. Human wisdom is at best filled with error. We dare not decide this election on the basis of our own prejudices or our traditional points of view. We hope and pray that Divine Providence will lead us to you.

I assure you we will not forget that our prayers should be prayers of gratitude as well as prayers of petition. We are to be grateful for a nation that can produce a man of competence, integrity and conscience and have those virtues honored and elevated by a free people. We are grateful that we live in a land that not only produces men like yourself, but having produced them, honors them.

Mr. Next President, may we respectfully remind you that you are the leader of a Christian nation and we expect you to act accordingly in your private life and in your public duty.

This nation is Christian, not only in that the vast proportion of its population make that allegiance (87,548,000) but ours is a Christian nation because of the concepts upon which it was founded. They are New Testament concepts. The sacredness of a human being; the precious and equal value of each person in the eyes of God; the redeemability of human personality; the overruling power of Divine Providence. Those principles are unashamedly woven into the documents that attended our birth. We ask you to regard solemnly the Christian heritage of our country. It is within your power to continue it or to weaken it.

A Christian Heritage

Mr. Next President, you will reside in Washington. The City may become commonplace to you. You will have to deal with hundreds who come there seeking selfish gain. But, please never forget, sir, that thousands will visit your city in the spirit of a pilgrimage. They come every year in dedicated mood to see for themselves the symbols of our way of life. Back to the beginnings they come as our Lord went back to Jordan to stand again on the soil where he launched his ministry. Editors, teachers, ministers, civic officials, thousands of humble folk come to touch home base in Washington because they believe that there is scarcely anything more important than to stand fast in the truths wherein they were made free.

They worship together in historic places, hallowed and hushed. They visit the shrines where precious documents are housed and read again the original, matchless words. They take new hope in the line across the Archives Building that contains our treasures of other years, "The Past is Prologue." They walk the steps of the Supreme Court Building and feel new dignity as they lift their eyes across its portals: "Equal justice under law." At the Lincoln Memorial they stand with an awe that borders reverence and gaze upon that lonely figure in whose face is traced the agonies of a brothers' war.

They pause at the memorial of Thomas Jefferson, replica of Monticello, and they say aloud those words

(Continued on page 22)

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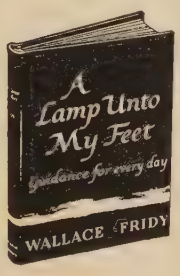

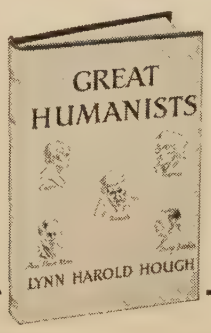

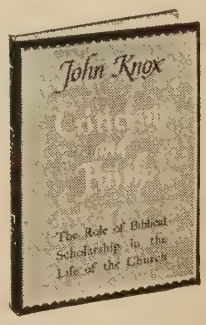

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ABINGDON-COKESBURY

Pulpit Patter

By Morton S. Enslin

'The Pause which Does not Refresh'

PREACHERS are apparently becoming a bit uneasy about the so-called "long prayer." A friend of mine, for many years chaplain in a theological seminary, tells me that the majority of visiting preachers are now requesting him to take that part of the service. Several ministers have recently told me that they see no sense in the traditional seven-minute session and are limiting themselves to half that time. The growing tendency to preface the audible prayer with the suggestion that the congregation engage in a moment of silent prayer indicates, regardless of its other merits, the same proper concern. And "proper" it is—the concern, I mean. For far too long the pulpit prayer has been the most conspicuously weak and unrewarding part of the service. We preachers are simply awaking a bit belatedly to what any intelligent and honest layman could long since have told us. Some drastic improvement has long been overdue.

But sometimes, in liturgics as in medicine, the attempted cure is worse than the disease. I recently experienced such a case. The service, chastely simple and lovely, had proceeded normally. The preacher of the day—a visitor and a very able man—rose to his feet. "Now," said he, "we will share an experience of prayer." Most of the heads in the congregation dutifully sagged. "Now I want to voice the need of every human being before we enter the experience." That appeared to me a somewhat large order, but I waited hopefully. "Voicing the need" was a joint endeavor, modestly divided between Annie Hawks and the preacher, for the latter next quoted three stanzas from "I Need Thee Every Hour."

Then came a pause: it seemed a long one but was too short to get one's thoughts under way—at least it was for me. Perhaps I am not liturgically nimble. Then came the fourth stanza of Whittier's hymn, "Drop Thy Still Dews of Quietness," followed by a pause still longer. This time I actually wondered if the session of prayer could be over, and I peaked covertly at the organist to see why the "Amen" was so belated. I was wrong, for the preacher was under way again. "Now you and I must pray for ourselves," said he. Apparently he was fearful lest we should have failed to catch the cue. At any rate he stated why this angle was necessary: If we didn't, said he, no one else would. Having made that point clear, he relapsed again into portentous silence. By this time I was bit perplexed. I thought that in theory I had been doing just that during the earlier recitations of the lyrics by Mrs. Hawks and Mr. Whittier. Before I could get that ecclesiastical wrinkle ironed out, he was steaming ahead: "Now we must pray for others." Now I was hopelessly confused, and, like the traditional farmer during his long winter evenings, I "just sat." In a few moments—how long it was I have no idea; all I was sure of was that it was too long—he swung into action for a very brief instant and wound up with a sullen and unexpected, but clearly undebatable, "Amen," which did not, however, in the least faze the choir. Their's followed; but since there had been no indication that the preacher's final word (before *his* "Amen") was to be his last, it caught them aback, and during that instant "betwixt the liturgical dawn and the daylight" many of the congregation had come to life.

I sympathized with the preacher—he was an able man and evidenced it in the sermon which followed, which was fine preaching utterly free from the artificial claptrap we had just undergone. I sympathized with him, not so much because he had made a fool of himself, but because he was obviously trying to avoid what is so commonly the all-low spot in the service. To a measure he had succeeded. He had not preached with his eyes shut. He had not scolded us with a directness risky in open-eyed preaching. He had not gone on, like Tennyson's brook, babbling from one stone to the next. He had not ended, as a seeming afterthough, as so many preachers do, when both they and the congregation are nearly worn out, with a mechanical "And forgive us our sins, Amen."

No, there were many sins of omission and commission from which he had been free. And, as I say, I sympathized with his obvious effort to make the prayer a part of the service in which the congregation would be cast neither as recipients nor critics. He did not succeed, but all credit to him for the dissatisfaction that prompted his effort.

I am not suggesting that his general plan was good. Personally, I detest all "pulpit-directed prayer," whatever the technique. I am suggesting that if we are to continue our traditional flouting of Matthew 6:5-8, we should at least make preparation, and plenty of it, for this part of the service. If ever there was a place where Matthew 10:19 does not apply, it is in the preparation of pulpit prayers.

Sermon Summaries

(Continued from page 21)

of his that ring the room, "I have sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

They go on to the towering shaft honoring George Washington, your earliest predecessor, who in the crisis of battle asked, "How will it end? God will direct." At Arlington they stand in uneasy silence at the grave of the Unknown Soldier where it is so quiet you can almost hear our boys falling in Korea.

They remember General Washington on his knees at Valley Forge and the makers of the constitution bowed in prayer at the start of each day's session. They stand where Presidents stood with hand upon the Bible, the badge of truth in the courts of the land, and take the vow of office, adding reverently, "So help me God."

Mr. Next President, we hope yours is a spirit sensitive to these intangible but real things; they nourish the hearts of your people. They are our Christian heritage.

Guardian of Rights

And, sir, may I add a personal word. Since there are 87½ million Christians in this country, the chances are that you are one of them. Be great enough to be simple in your faith. Be not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Our way of life is based upon it. Lay your own course by devotion to the Son of God. Be true to him and you will not then be false to any man.

Remember, sir, as head of our government you are not the giver of our rights, but the guardian of them. God himself is the Giver.

The rights of man spring naturally from the rights of God. The right of God to be worshipped as men's hearts so lead; the right of God to be loved fully and served freely, to be approached one by one as children come to their earthly father, and are loved as though each were the only one.

If you will allow it, God will use you as an instrument in his hand for the healing of the nations. And though the realization be distant, let the vision be near: God will use you for the building of a community of nations whose ways are the ways of peace.

Finally, sir, talking to you, remembering my debt to the past, recalling my obligations to the future, seeing God's hand afresh in my na-

tion's destiny. I pledge to you the support of my prayers and my sympathetic understanding. Next winter, as you stand before the world and place your hand upon the Book, let your heart rest there also. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him and he shall direct thy paths." In those paths, Mr. Next President, you and your people can safely walk together.—*Vernon Britt Richardson, University Baptist, Baltimore, Md.*

A Thanksgiving Letter

Korea, Advance Port #9
Thanksgiving Day,
Evening

DEAR Mother and Dad: Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Day back in the States. In just a few hours, the sun that is leaving us will bring light into the Valley of the Blue Ridge. In just a few hours, our darkness shall mean that you are having light. In just a few hours, you and Dad will be leaving the house to go to church. I remember last Thanksgiving so well. It was just before I left, and, you remember, we promised to make it a very happy day. Strange how well I can recall so many details, but what a lovely day it was as we drove to the service in the country. The leaves dropped almost like rose petals before a bride. The hills were dressed in God's most beautiful colors, and how inspiring it was to hear the singing, and the reading of the Scripture, out under those beautiful oak trees. I am glad we went that day, as the memory of it has filled the hours of this day.

It is snowing here now, and in fact, we have had a light snow for several days. The mountains are covered, but they are beautiful as the sun comes up and throws its streaming rays all over the landscape. Many of the fellows didn't want to think of Thanksgiving Day, but when it was announced that a service of thanksgiving would be held in a shelter not far from here, as many as could leave, went. The crunching snow beneath our feet, with rifles over our shoulders, walking in single file thru the trees, made us feel almost like early Pilgrims, going to church. What happened there was really wonderful. I wish everyone in the world could have shared in it.

The service was conducted in a natural shelter on the side of the cliff. It was cut off from the wind and the snow. The man who conducted our service was not a Protestant or a Catholic. He was a Jew, a Rabbi, and although I was disappointed not to see our Chaplain, I know now why God sent the Rabbi. He was young, a veteran of the last war, and when he spoke, his voice was like nothing I have ever heard. The boys sat, without a thought of where we were or what the future was to bring. All ears were concentrated on the words of the Rabbi.

He spoke simply, softly, pointing to the snow, as it fell through the trees; pointing to the fairy castles that the sun was building on the slopes of the mountains; and he spoke of the great hand above that was pouring strength and courage and hope into men who were lonesome, afraid, and discouraged. For our thought, he read to us from one of the Hebrew prophets. It was the prophet Hosea. It was the prophet who taught that though all the world was turned upside down, tho everything seemed wrong, God is married to his people, and he will not forget those who remember him. "Come," read the Rabbi, from the pages of the prophet, "Let us return unto God, for he hath torn, but he will heal us. He hath smitten, but he will bind us up. For his presence here is as sure as the morning light." The Rabbi continued, "The voice of God cried unto his people, 'What shall I do with you? For your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the dew that goeth early away. For I desire goodness, not promises; I desire the knowledge of God, not your bargains.' "

As he read, Mother and Dad, it was as though he talked directly to me, for you know I am always making bargains with God. If he helps me, then I will remember him. If he does something special for me, then I shall do

(Continued on page 25)

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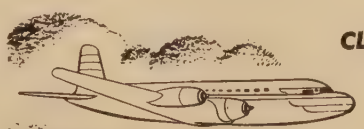

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Pulpit Paragraphs

Contributed by Robert O. Smith

• *The Driving Power of a Dedicated Life*

BISHOP Clifford Northcott of the Methodist Church once wrote: "Nothing left loose ever does anything creative. No horse gets anywhere until he is harnessed. No steam or gas ever drives anything until it is confined. No Niagara is ever turned into light and power until it is tunneled. No life ever grows until it is focused, dedicated, and disciplined." Out of such a dedicated life then comes joy, beauty and achievement.

• *Report for Duty*

ONCE a mother heard her son praying. She noticed that what he was doing was to tell God what he planned to do and seeking to direct God to help him. The mother said to her son, "Son, don't bother to give God instructions, just report for duty."

• *God and Our Burdens*

GOD can indeed lighten our burdens if we cast them upon him. Very often we do not do this. We are like the lay who boarded a crowded streetcar. Instead of putting down a heavy grip that she carried, she continued to hold it. Finally the conductor said, "You can put your grip down, lady, the car will carry it for you." Many of us need to let God help us carry our burdens so that they may become lighter for us.

• *An Ecumenical Foundation*

THE kind of love Jesus advocated, goes beyond the boundaries of race, creed and nationality. There is a wonderful story told by Dr. Grenfell as a missionary doctor in Labrador. The doctor needed a wooden leg for one of his patients who could not afford the price. Dr. Grenfell put a notice in a Congregational magazine for the donation of wooden legs. A Baptist widow who had been married to a one-legged Methodist read the notice. She sent the wooden leg of her former husband to Dr. Grenfell. Dr. Grenfell, in describing this experience, said, "So the Methodist leg, given by a Baptist woman in answer to a Congregational appeal on behalf of a Roman Catholic, is now being used as a perfectly satisfactory basis of interdenominational understanding."

ROBERT O. SMITH is associate minister of Hyde Park Community Methodist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

• *Don't Repeat Your Mistakes*

IT IS not so serious to make a mistake as to repeat it. I am reminded of the rather humorous story of the little boy at the theater with his mother. Danny was taken to see the movie, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." They entered the theater during the middle of the picture just before the old witch gave Snow White the poisoned apple. When they came to the same part again, Danny's mother arose and began to lead him out of the theater. As they were leaving, Danny looked back to see the old witch offering Snow White the poisoned apple. Danny said to his mother, "If Snow White eats that apple again, she's crazy!"

Pulpit Calendar

Nov. 1—All Saints' Day.
Nov. 2—All Souls' Day. 22nd Sunday after Pentecost.
Nov. 4—Election Day.
Nov. 9—23rd Sunday after Pentecost.
Nov. 9-15—American Education Week.
Nov. 16—24th Sunday after Pentecost.
Nov. 23—25th Sunday after Pentecost. Thanksgiving Sunday.
Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Day.
Nov. 30—1st Sunday in Advent.
Dec. 7—2nd Sunday in Advent.
Dec. 13-20—Hannukah. Feast of Lights. (Jewish)
Dec. 14—3rd Sunday in Advent. Universal Bible Sunday.
Dec. 15—Bill of Rights Day.
Dec. 21—4th Sunday in Advent.
Dec. 24—Christmas Eve.
Dec. 25—Christmas.
Dec. 28—1st Sunday after Christmas.
Dec. 31—New Year's Eve.
Jan. 1—New Year's Day. Festival of the Christening.
Jan. 4—2nd Sunday after Christmas.
Jan. 4-11—Universal Week of Prayer.
Jan. 6—Epiphany.
Jan. 11—1st Sunday after Epiphany.
Jan. 18—2nd Sunday after Epiphany.
Jan. 18-24—Church and Economic Life Week.
Jan. 19—Lee's Birthday.
Jan. 25—The Transfiguration. Conversion of St. Paul.
Jan. 25-Feb. 1—Youth Week.

SEASONS: Kingdomtide; Thanksgiving; Advent; Christmas; Epiphany; Transfiguration.

ALTAR COLORS: Kingdomtide, green; Thanksgiving, red; Advent through Christmas Eve, Violet; Christmas through the Octave of Epiphany, white.

(Pulpit Calendar lists dates in the calendar of the Christian year and other observances of national or religious significance.)

• *Democracy In Marriage*

IN the family Christ's law of love calls for democratic decisions by husband and wife. This makes for happier family life as revealed by a recent study. The American Institute of Family Relations in a study of marriages of over five years duration came up with the following interesting facts. Of the marriages that were dominated by the wife, only 47% were reported as happy. Of the marriages dominated by the husband, only 61% were reported as being happy marriages. But of the families where both husband and wife entered into the major decisions together, 87% were reported as being happy marriages.

• *The Use of Labels*

THE use of labels within the church is a practice of long standing. There is, for example, *the label of the old.* Many Christians have taken the position that if any idea or procedure is old, it is thereby also good. These persons have paraphrased the words of Paul: "Whatsoever things are old, whatsoever things are for long usage, whatsoever things are well-established, think on and be guided by these things."

A very simple example of how the label of the old is used and misunderstood is in a typical conversation concerning church music. One person will declare he likes the "old" hymns, referring to hymns written 50 to 100 years ago. Another will say he likes the "old" hymns too, but he is thinking of music written during the Reformation period, 400 years ago. And the third party to the conversation will say with surprise, "I like the 'old' hymns too, but I'm thinking of the ancient canticles and chants which were written a thousand or more years ago."—*John J. Bunting, Jr., Newark Methodist, Newark, Del.*

• *The Kingdom has Come*

TOLSTOY tells the story of the Russian youth who stands before the local magistrate as a conscientious objector to war. The youth explains his decision based upon his convictions concerning the demands of Christ for life. Says the judge, "Yes, I understand, but you must be realistic, these laws you are talking about are the laws of the kingdom of God; and it has not come yet!" Straightening in his tracks the you replies, "Sir, I recognize that it has not come for you, nor yet for Russia or the world. But the kingdom of God has come for me! I cannot go on hating as though it had not come!"—*Robert E. McBride, Evangelical United Brethren Church, Clayton, Ohio.*

Sermon Summaries

(Continued from page 23)

something special for him. The Rabbi reminded us that this is stealing from God, for no man can bargain with one who offers something free. Suddenly, I realized that I was trying to get something I did not deserve; that God is not interested in our promises or bargains; that God is anxious only that men will learn to walk with him, whether in Korea, or at home. Imagine, Mother, that man lived over 700 years before Christ, and here I am out in the middle of no-man's land, hearing his voice say that out of misery and sin, out of death and bewilderment, God will bring righteousness, loving kindness, and mercy. Can you imagine how that makes us feel? There is still hope. "The day will come," said Hosea, "when God shall say, 'Thou art my people,' and we in true repentance say, 'Thou art my God.'"

The part of the service which really made me think; the part that I still hear; the part that I want you to put into writing so that you will remember, was as we rose to leave the service, all heads were bowed, and the Rabbi, pulling his prayer shawl from over his army coat, raised his hands and said, "He that enjoys anything without Thanksgiving, is as though he robbed God."

And all the way back to my hut, I knew that I was one who was stealing from God, for every day I am enjoying the times that were so full and wonderful there at home. Every day, tho we are cold and discouraged, my heart is warm with your prayers and your thoughts. And I have not been thanking God. I have not been fair, for God has walked with me all these years, and I have never thought to say thank you.

Now, of course, soldiers aren't supposed to be sentimental or weepy, but I must admit that something inside was making me feel as though God was close and real. It was like that sensation of standing on the Skyline Drive at sunset and feeling as though one stood on top of the world, watching the colors fade into night.

Well, the day has passed quickly, and darkness is settling over the valley where we are dug in, but before I close this letter, I want to tell you what else I did. After I ate my dinner (we had Turkey, brought up from the rear lines somewhere), I sat down and opened the Testament you gave me.

(Continued on page 27)

The Elevator Strike

The printer's deadline for this issue of *The Pulpit* came during the 5-day strike of Chicago elevator operators. The location of our editorial offices on the 14th floor of the Old Colony building made it impossible to adhere to our usual publication schedule. We deeply regret the resulting delay.—*The Editors.*

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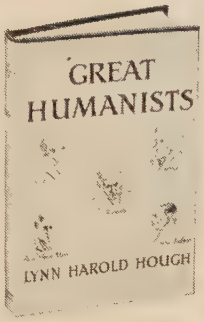

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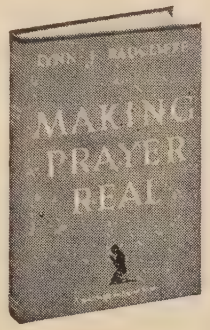

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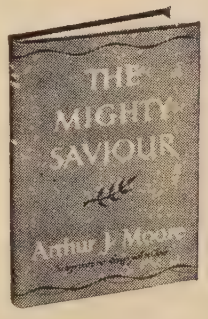

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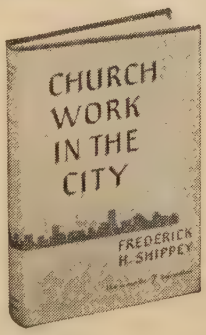

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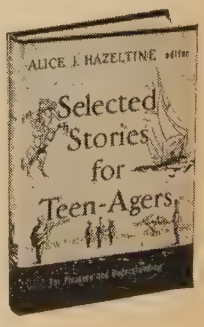

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Ministry of Music

By Ernest K. Emurian

Quarterly Music Review

FOR Thanksgiving, the older publications can't be beat. They still hold their own with most of the later releases. Among the most widely used is GIVE THANKS TO GOD, by *Gordon Balch Nevin* (four-part mixed voices, G. Schirmer, 16 cents). This is a splendid eight-page anthem for solo and chorus, despite the fact that it is written in five sharps and was copyrighted over thirty years ago. Another Schirmer anthem that has proved itself through the years is *Mark Andrews'* LAUDA ANIMA, or PRAISE MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN, a seven-page anthem for mixed voices with a brilliant organ or piano accompaniment; 18 cents.

Bossey & Hawkes publish a *Noble Cain* arrangement of the perennial favorite, THANKS BE TO GOD, by *O'Reilly* and *Dickson*, an excellent four-part anthem arrangement of the familiar sacred solo, and within the reach of the average choir, priced at 16 cents.

Bach's NOW LET EVERY TONGUE ADORE THEE, from "Sleepers, Wake!" has been arranged and re-arranged many times. The Raymond A. Hoffman Company, Chicago, publishes *Bick's* adaptation for mixed voices, at 18 cents. Schirmer credits the tune to *Nicolai* as harmonized by *Bach*, selling almost the identical anthem for 15 cents. You pay your money and take your choice!

Many of the great Thanksgiving hymns have been anthemized. Remick Music Corporation, New York, has released *Katherine Davis'* arrangement of FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH, for mixed voices with a good soprano descant on the last stanza, concluding with a trio of Alleluias; 16 cents. And Kjos Music Company, Chicago, has published NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD, arranged by *Holst* for mixed voices and organ. Both anthems are built around the familiar tunes to which these hymns are generally sung, and will therefore be known to both choir and congregation.

FOR the choir that cannot afford to purchase Thanksgiving anthems, a good hymnal is a godsend. For example, use WE PLOW THE FIELDS AND SCATTER (tune: *Dresden*, with refrain) to suit your needs and limitations. With women singing the first stanza in unison, men taking the second, and using all voice parts on the last, with the refrain being sung in four parts after each stanza—what better anthem could anyone want! And *Merrill's* hymn NOT ALONE FOR MIGHTY EMPIRE, to the stirring strains of *Hyfrydol*, can be treated in the same manner by the average choir in the average church.

The more ambitious choir will be interested in two *Tach* arrangements, released recently by Kjos Music Company: BLESSING, GLORY AND WISDOM, by *Bach*, #5140, 20 cents; and O GIVE THANKS, by *Lvovsky*, 20 cents. The latter is another version of the familiar, and tricky, *Hosopdi Pomilui*, for chorus and baritone or alto solo.

Mendelssohn's thrilling THANKS BE TO GOD provides a choral climax to any service of worship; while, by way of contrast, *Maunder's* well-worn PRAISE THE LORD, O JERUSALEM will undoubtedly be more widely used.

FROM J. Fischer, New York, come several new publications: IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST, a four-part anthem by *Clokey*, 18 cents. Oxenham's great poem merits better treatment. The accompaniment of THE 13TH PSALM ("O Lord, How Long") by *Berger* (four-parts, 25 cents) stamps the composer as a Picasso of the Piano. The score is superb mood music for soft strings and tremulous flutes on the organ, but is in no way adapted to choral use by a choir. However, LET ALL MORTAL FLESH, by *Hilty* (for as few as four or as many as six and seven voice parts, 25 cents), while beginning rather slowly, builds up in its eleven pages to a stirring, dramatic climax. The accompaniment is especially impressive, ranging from flowing melodies through unusual rhythmic patterns to full chords.

H. W. Gray has published *Coke-Jephcott's* arrangement of the wedding hymn, O PERFECT LOVE, set to *Londonderry Air* (for mixed voices, 18 cents); and a hymn-type anthem by *Richard Warner*, WHO ARE THESE LIKE STARS? for mixed voices, 18 cents. Although bogging down a bit in the middle, this last anthem moves along and can be sung effectively by the average choir.

Sermon Summaries

(Continued from page 25)

I opened to the story of Jesus feeding the multitudes, beside the sea of Galilee. And as I read, the snow-covered mountains of Korea became the green-covered hills of the Holy Land; the sounds of our outfit tramping and moving about were transformed into sounds of the hungry multitudes, stirring anxiously, irritable, complaining. And the memory of the service this morning made me feel as though I too were standing in that multitude, waiting to see what the Nazarene was going to do with the mob before him; waiting, as those people, for the word that would take away their hunger. And then Jesus called to the lad who carried his lunch in a basket under his arm; and as Jesus took the loaves from the basket, he gave thanks to God. It was just a simple loaf of bread that he took, and a few fishes, but Jesus gave thanks, and he was able to feed the multitude. I don't understand the miracle, Dad, but I believe that the secret is in giving thanks, for by remembering God and thanking him, Jesus was able to feed all who were hungry. *The secret is in remembering God, for then he does what we cannot do.*

You may feel that I have been just struck by a feeling of homesickness or loneliness, but it is really just the opposite. I am not homesick, though you are in a place that I should like to be, but after thinking this all through, I am convinced that I can no longer steal from God and expect any benefits from him. From this day forward, whatever the future may bring, I want to be a thankful person.

Please tell Dad to put the benediction of the Rabbi over his desk, for that is the quickest way to bring me home.

"He that enjoys anything without Thanksgiving is as though he robbed God."

I love you both,
Your Son

—David H. Burr, Charlottesville Presbyterian, Va.

Unemployed

"It's hard to be without a wage," I said,
"It's worse to not be wanted, your work unpriced."
"I know too well," the man in the line ahead
Spoke up. "And who are you?"
"They call me Christ."

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Earth Bows to the New Bomb

What power is this released in man's dark night
Upon the world where blood was sacrificed?
Has earth forgotten him who healed men's sight,
The power of selfless love in one called Christ?

ALINE BADGER CARTER.

'Teach Us to Pray'

(Continued from page 20)

recharging his thought between parish calls. A moment in the car, in review of some prayers previously studied, is a sure guarantee that his prayers will not be rutted.

3. Prominent always is the minister's approach to the personal needs of the parishioner. The pastor prays the parishioner's words. To be sure, the statements of faith introduce our prayers but then, we move out (or, in) to where our people are. Dr. Anton Boisen tells of a mental hospital chaplain who preached a series of sermons on Missions—Missions in China, Japan, India. He probably ended each one with the usual, "Let us go forth." Many prayers are as distant as that. For grief that is deep, temptation overwhelming, anxiety frustrating and many other personal problems too individual to mention, the minister must pray with the parishioner where he is.

Within the walls then of a few of these disciplines,—preparation, refreshment of language, awareness of the climate of the occasion, and attention to the need of the person, the minister can effectively use the restorative power of prayer.

"Fresh, stimulating and concise"
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Arnold H. Lowe

★

WHEN GOD MOVES IN

is the title of his latest book of sermons. Quiet, clear, and searching, they speak directly to the needs of the average man and woman in our country. Each of the 24 sermons is concerned with a single problem—one common to the ordinary Christian.

This book grew out of the conviction that we are no longer living a centered life and that there is evident a thirst for guidance and assurance. Dr. Lowe also feels that the Christian religion presents a philosophy which in a time of confusion and disillusionment makes us aware of deep spiritual resources within ourselves. He writes of this thirst and these resources with the same directness and understanding displayed in the popular START WHERE YOU ARE, and THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING OURSELVES.

These sermons tell a few stories, but their purpose is serious and their line from the first premise to the conclusion is straight and unswerving. They are marked with an uncommonly clear and straightforward style, so that the messages of creative faith come through with undiminished power.

Each chapter was carefully selected from a three years' output of talks for its applicability to personal problems. Although they do not carry texts, each one illustrates a Biblical truth. They are soundly Christian in emphasis and show a keen sensitivity to modern conditions. $2.50

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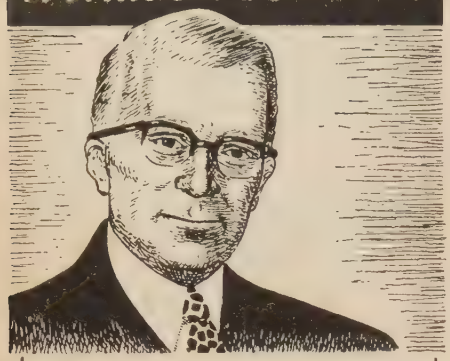

Have you ever thought of the strange and checkered history of words? Once highly regarded and associated with the best people, a term can fall into bad company and never regain its reputation.

"Distinction" once carried a high bred air but now it has fallen into disrepute.

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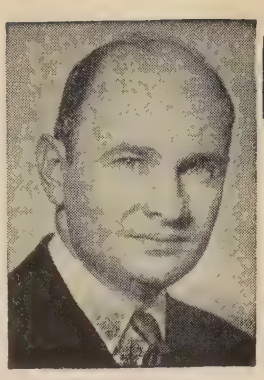

Come Let Us Worship

By Clarence Seidenspinner

The Bible in the Liturgy

THE recent publication of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible raises the whole problem of the place of Scripture in the liturgy. Should the psalter be read responsively? Should a parish church follow a stated lectionary for the reading of the Scriptures during the church year? Which version of the Bible should be used?

Portions of the psalter always have been read responsively. This was true in pre-Christian times among the Jewish congregations. In the Christian church, however, the practice of reading the psalms in succession did not arise until the middle of the fourth century. Previous to this time the psalms had been read in this way by the hermits in their desolate retreats. Having all the time in the world on their hands, they took to reading the Book of Psalms to occupy their minds and to express the fluctuations of their religious attitudes and moods.

By 529, when Benedict founded the monastery at Monte Cassino, the daily offices were already divided into seven periods. At the heart of the daily offices was the reading of the Scriptures including the frequent re-reading of the psalms. The monastic community set *vespers* at sundown, *compline* upon retiring, *nocturnes* and *lauds* at dawn, *prime* upon arising, *terce* at 9:00 in the morning, *sext* at noon and *none* at 3:00 in the afternoon. The reading of these offices often occupied as much as four hours of time during the day. They became fixed in the Catholic breviary.

Anglican *matins* and *evensong* constitute the attempt to reduce these offices in number and the time necessary for their use. Here, too, the service is built around the reading of Scripture for the psalter is read during the course of the month and the Bible during the course of the year. In some sections of the Anglican Church matins and evensong become the norm, both for daily worship and for the Sunday office. In fact, in Protestantism generally, the daily office became the norm for Sunday worship, thus shifting the emphasis from the eucharist in Catholic Christendom to Morning Prayer in Protestant Christianity.

This shift meant the constant use of the psalter in the Sunday service. Contemporary worshipers are inclined to accept that which they receive from the past. Many congregations, therefore, continue to read the psalter responsively without raising the question as to its meaning for them.

Should the psalter be read responsively in the modern Protestant service?

Certainly, it ought not be read without certain editorial revisions. Take, for example, the opening verses of the 68th psalm. The average layman would find it a little difficult to get spiritual uplift, either from those particular phrases or from others, such as the first four verses of psalm 60.

To speak about the editorial revision of the psalter, however, is to raise the question: Can it be edited? Do we then have the *psalter*? Obviously, no. We then have *responsive readings* such as we find in the Methodist hymnal or Book of Worship. Here are portions of the psalms set forth after the scissors of the editors have dealt with them. No doubt, the psalter is passed around during a solemn committee meeting while each member of the ecclesiastically appointed committee snips off a phrase or two. The resultant emasculated psalm is then set forth as a responsive reading for a particular Sunday. Sometimes it is combined with another psalm and a composite reading secured.

Undoubtedly, some congregations will find this sort of responsive reading a salutary experience but much can be said against its use, including the following: 1. A congregation, in reading an abridged psalm or a composite selection, will condition itself to the wrong understanding regarding the content of Holy Scripture. 2. Often these readings do not say directly and effectively that which needs to be expressed. As a sample of this, read the responsive reading for peace or for Pentecost in the Methodist hymnal. 3. When a congregation reads this material responsively, does it do so with intelligence, with beauty and with liturgical effectiveness? 4. Is the responsive reading a good use of liturgical time? Is there a more effective liturgical piece which might be substituted for the responsive reading? After all, if a portion of this material is read responsively, it means there is no time for a particular hymn, anthem, prayer or litany that might be substituted in its place. Other aspects of this problem will be discussed next month.

Preachers in Print

On Sunday Evening

THE appearance of ★★SUNDAY EVENING SERMONS, Edited by **Alton M. Motter** (Harper and Brothers, 1952, $2.00), a volume of fifteen sermons from the 1951-1952 season of the Chicago Sunday Evening Club marks the beginning of a new outreach for that unique organization now in its forty-sixth year in the Chicago Loop. To the enthusiastic large congregation which crowds Orchestra Hall, and to the wide and interested radio audience, is thus added the cross-country reader-audience of thoughtful and intelligent people who take their sermons seriously in print. This is a considerable section of the reading public in America in contrast with England and Europe where publishers report little demand for published sermons. This book, besides making the Sunday Evening Club more of a national institution, is an excellent contribution to the current output of homiletic material. The director of the Club and the publishers are to be congratulated on the idea as we wonder why it had not been thought of before.

To this pulpit annually are brought the outstanding preachers of the nation and from abroad. They include, in the course of time, nearly all the great pulpit speakers of the living generation. The roll of the guest-speakers is a *Who's Who*, not only of prominent ministers, but also of rabbis, educators, theologians, missionaries, statesmen and distinguished Christian laymen. That fifteen sermons were selected is due to space limitations and is no reflection on those omitted from the book. Some sermons read better while others listen better; but it is safe to say that any fifteen taken at random from any season would make a worthy contribution to the pulpit literature of our time.

The book has an introduction by Harry Emerson Fosdick, himself a guest of the Sunday Evening Club platform on many occasions, and the foreword is by the editor and Club's executive director, Alton M. Motter, who serves also as *The Pulpit's* associate editor. The list of contributors includes: Elton Trueblood, Angus Dun, Edwin T. Dahlberg, Melvin A. Hammarberg, Frank C. Laubach, Otto P. Kretzmann, Harold Cooke Phillips, Henry Hitt Crane, Conrad Bergendoff, Ralph W. Sockman, Martin Niemoeller, Liston Pope, G. Bromley Oxnam, Benjamin E. Mays and the last who is destined to take his place among them, William G. Lorenz, the year's winner of the Seminarian preaching award offered by the Club and *The Pulpit*.

This spread of personalities assures a variety of styles and subjects. The interests range through biblical exposition, evangelistic appeal, moral demand, theological instruction, and missionary inspiration. The methods of the men are also an interesting study in variety, reminding the reader that there is no one most effective manner of proclaiming religious truth. Yet, embracing the variety of personalities, messages and methods, the total impact of the volume is that of a unified whole.

Nor can there be no doubt of the high relevancy of this volume to the times. Its key-note is contemporaneity. Sermon after sermon, it speaks to living men, as individuals and in society, concerning the issues of their own times in the light of eternal truth.

While the sermons here are distinguished utterances by distinguished men, they are also widely representative of the American pulpit today, and offer a convincing answer to those who bewail its loss of power. For all the faults of modern preachers, they still bear witness to the truth of God as seen in Jesus Christ, and, inspired by such notable examples as these before us, they are addressing that truth to the moral issues of their times with courage and effectiveness.

GEORGE MILES GIBSON.
McCormick Theological Seminary

ROUNDUP

★★★THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS; THE HANDBOOK TO THE HYMNAL OF THE EVANGELICAL AND REFORMED CHURCH. By **Armin Haeussler.** Eden Publishing House, $6.00. Dr. Haeussler, pastor of one of his denomination's largest churches, St. Lucas Evangelical and Reformed, Evansville, Indiana, has produced a mammoth and monumental work in the field of hymnology. It will undoubtedly stand for years to come as a model by which future "Handbooks" will be judged. The first half of the book is devoted to the historical backgrounds of the hymns themselves, interspersed with bits of extra material, some editorializing, and a few essays on related subjects. The last half consists of well-prepared, authentic and readable biographies of the poets and composers whose works make up the hymnal, topped off with several indexes and an almost exhaustive bibliography. Twice the size—1,088 pages—of any similar volume published in recent years, its editors are justifiably proud that "the Handbook represents a far larger volume of its kind than any heretofore published in the English language." Attractively printed in large clear type, well designed and abounding in rich illustrative material, this book is recommended to every minister. It would be far wiser to spend $6 for this volume than fritter it away in the purchase of several widely-advertised, inexpensive books or collections of hymn stories. The book is a worthy tribute to the denomination that produced it, the minister who authored and edited it, and the church that had the good grace to permit him such a wise investment of his 'spare' time.—*Ernest K. Emurian, Elm Ave. Methodist, Portsmouth, Va.*

FULFILL THY MINISTRY. By **Stephen C. Neill,** Harper, $2.00. Americans who have witnessed Bishop Neill draw larger audiences of American students than any of our religious leaders will rejoice to be admitted behind the scenes as he discusses with American theological students the sacred task of the minister. This book offers such an opportunity. It is keyed to youth but presents to mature ministers a splendid opportunity for a "check up"—particularly on their preaching.—*Vere V. Loper, First Congregational, Berkeley, Calif.*

(★★★★You can't afford to be without it; ★★★Unusually valuable to the preacher; ★★Above average in its field; ★A good buy; No Star, depends on your taste and need.)

Books Preachers Are Reading

September	October	This Month	An analysis based on reports from leading religious booksellers and from the reading of the Pulpit's distinguished editorial associates and book reviewers.
6	2	1	**Great Voices of the Reformation.** *Harry Emerson Fosdick. Random,* $5.00
1	1	2	**A Protestant Manifesto.** *Winfred E. Garrison. Abingdon-Cokesbury,* $2.75
8	7	3	**Marching Off the Map.** *Halford E. Luccock. Harper,* $2.50
3	3	4	**Go Inquire of the Lord.** *Gerald Kennedy. Harper,* $1.50
4	4	5	**The Church Militant.** *Harold A. Bosley. Harper,* $2.00
7	8	6	**Questions People Ask.** *Robert J. McCracken. Harper,* $2.50
9	9	7	**The Irony of American History.** *Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner's,* $3.50
		8	**An Autobiography of Prayer.** *Albert E. Day. Harper,* $2.50
		9	**This Is the Church.** *Anders Nygren. Muhlenberg,* $4.75
		10	**Rediscovering Jesus.** *Jack Finegan. Association Press,* $2.50

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

TWO months ago in this place I ventured the opinion that the presidential campaign would probably be an exhibition of shadow boxing. It now appears more like a slugging match, with the dignity of the presidency and of the nation itself considerably damaged. The slugging began when the Democrats charged that Senator Nixon had a secret and illicit fund which he was using for "immoral" political purposes. In reprisal, the Republicans charged that Gov. Stevenson had a similar fund. Nixon defended himself in a banal and melodramatic televised broadcast baring his personal and family financial history. Stevenson laid bare the nature of his fund and, for good measure, added a statement of his own private income and income tax for the past ten years. General Eisenhower was then challenged to do the same, no doubt in the belief that the payment of a mere 25 per cent tax on the sale of his Memoirs in 1948 for a million dollars would smear him. President Truman is out on the stump "breathing threatening and slaughter" in tone and language fit for the bar room. Even his wife was scandalized and declared that she would tell him so. The spectacle of a President of the United States with a loose tongue appealing by his irresponsible swagger to the baser sensibilities of the people is an insult to the electorate and a debasement of the high office of President. But other issues are now emerging. One can hope that as the campaign comes to a close it will take on a character that will in some degree retrieve the loss in our national self-respect.

Debasing the Presidency

The Book of the Month

CRITICISM AND FAITH, *by John Knox. Abingdon Cokesbury, $1.75.*

THIS book deals with the effects of the higher (i.e. historical) criticism upon the Christian faith. Instead of undermining the faith (as many have supposed), biblical scholarship not only leaves it unshaken, but releases it from many debatable and false supports and allows it to shine forth in its inherent evangelical character. There have been two kinds of reaction to the higher criticism. Fundamentalism completely rejected it, and adopted a crude literalistic biblicism. Liberalism accepted it, but drew the false conclusion that it denuded the historic Christian faith, leaving only the moral example and teaching of Jesus. Against both, Dr. Knox maintains that our knowledge of Jesus comes to us through the faith of his disciples and the early church, and that their faith cannot be detached from the historical person of Jesus, nor his person from their faith. These must be held together as a single event which in its totality was the manifestation of God "reconciling the world unto himself." The New Testament record of their response contains diversities of interpretation on some marginal particulars, but at its center—the response of their faith in Jesus as the Christ of God—they were of one heart and mind. Dr. Knox interprets for us many difficult portions of Scripture. His final chapter is an illuminating discussion of the way in which the preacher should use the findings of historical scholarship.

A Thought for the Month

THE rock bottom principle of the United Nations is collective security. By this is meant the banding together of the nations under solemn pledges to defend with their combined might any nation that is the victim of aggression by another. Every one of the 60-odd nations in the U.N. signed this pledge. Are these pledges trustworthy? My answer is that they are not. It is fantastic to imagine that the nations will honor their plighted word in a crisis where their national interest is in conflict with it. The concept of collective security is an idealistic dogma. Reliance upon it is illusory. Action upon it tends to spread far beyond the scene of the aggression even to the point of precipitating another world war. Action under collective security is war. To call it a "police action" is to deceive mankind with a euphemism. It is a tragic fallacy to think that peace can be made by waging war. When the dogs of war are released no man can tell how far or whither they will run. Grave misgivings about this feature of the United Nations were voiced, notably and with deep concern by Christian leaders, when that organization was being formed. But these anxieties were soothed by government propaganda. Collective security was played down. It was claimed that resort to it was so remote as to be highly improbable, and that its inclusion in the charter would automatically preclude the emergence of a situation in which it would need to be invoked. So, while the war dogs lay sleeping in the charter, the churches unreservedly committed themselves to the U.N. and, next to the government, became its most consistent and useful propagandist. At last, Korea brought collective security to life in a world which a global war had left divided into two vast and menacingly hostile camps. How this fantastic dogma is being used to invest the Korean war with the glory of America's patriotic idealism and to justify those who launched it, is a major item in the news of every day.

The Illusory Dogma of Collective Security

Charles Clayton Morrison

For the Record—

WITH THIS ISSUE Alton M. Motter completes his first year as associate editor of *The Pulpit*. Many of our readers know Mr. Motter personally or by reputation. To some he is probably still a name on a masthead.

This month I would like to tell our readers a few of the things that caused us to choose him as one of our editors.

When the Chicago Sunday Evening Club was looking for a new executive director in 1950 it discovered that the St. Paul, Minnesota, Council of Churches had an executive secretary who was both an able administrator and a good preacher, the two qualifications most needed by the nation's oldest and most significant Sunday night service. It took a good deal of persuasion to draw Motter away from St. Paul. But he finally became convinced that Chicago provided an even greater challenge for his versatile talents.

In addition to this significant ministry, Mr. Motter serves as director of the Department of Radio and Television of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago and conducts a weekly religious news broadcast over WENR, Chicago's ABC station. His interest in these modern media caused him to be selected as a member of the Board of Managers of the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches. He is a former officer of the Association of Council Secretaries, a national professional fellowship of councils of churches' executives.

Born 45 years ago in Maryland, Alton Motter received his baccalaureate degree from Gettysburg College and divinity degrees from Gettysburg Seminary. He took further work at Union Theological Seminary, New York, and at Chicago Theological Seminary. An ordained clergyman of the United Lutheran Church, he served as pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, prior to his service in St. Paul. He has taught at Hamline University, lectured at Chautauqua and before college and university audiences and now teaches the courses in Christian education at Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary.

We at the Christian Century Foundation first came to know him through his contributions to *The Christian Century*. He also serves as managing editor of *The Twentieth Century Quarterly*, the Foundation's publication in the field of religious education.

As we begin our second year as colaborers on this publication it is a satisfying thought that wherever this editor may be called to travel in the tension areas of the world, he can leave fully satisfied that the high quality of *The Pulpit* will be maintained by this new colleague who in one year's time has developed from a rookie editor into one of the best players in the game.

G.E.H.

The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

Founded 1929

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The Pulpit is a service publication of the Christian Century Foundation. Signed contributions do not necessarily represent the views of The Pulpit. Contributions should be typewritten, double spaced and addressed to The Pulpit, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5. Include return postage. Price per copy, 30 cents. Subscription rate, U. S. A. and Canada, $3.00 a year; foreign, $3.35.

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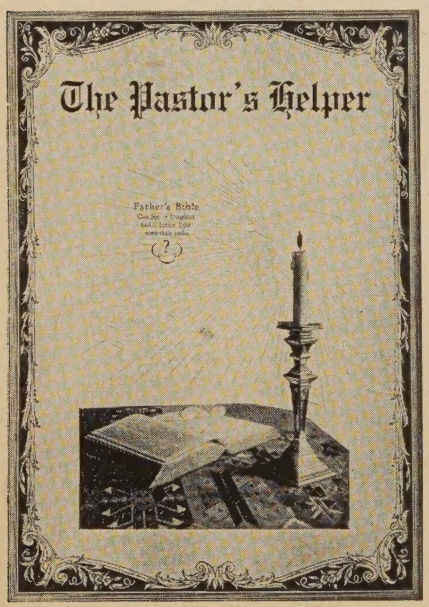

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